

MARTIN BOX

1913



**"A Midsummer Night's Dream"**  
(Shakespeare)

Music by Mendelssohn

By the Pupils of Martin College

Margaret Myrtle Holmes,

General Director

Music rendered by Miss Frances R. DeWald

Fairies trained by Miss Leila Wilkes

ON THE LAWN

MONDAY, MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

at Eight Fifteen. P. M.

PROGRAM

Act I—Scene 1, Athens—The Palace of Theseus

Scene 2, Athens—Quince's House

Act II—Scene 1—A Wood Near Athens

Act III—Scene 1, wood—Titania Asleep  
Mechanical Rehearsal

Scene II—Egeus and tra'n go hunting

Scene III—Comedy scene between Bottom and  
Titania

Act IV—Theseus hears "a tedious brief scene of young

Pyramus and his love, Thisbe, a very tragical  
myth."

Burgomask dance of clowns  
Wedding March, Mortals leave  
Puck comes "to sweep the dust behind the door."  
"So goodnight unto you all  
Give me your hands if we be friends."

CHARACTERS

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....Edith Hooper

Egeus, Father to Hermia.....Corinne Harris

Lysander { in love with Hermia { Wilma Isom  
Demetrius { Katherine Stone

Philstrate, Masters of Revels to Theseus.....Lizzie Wilson

Quince, a carpenter.....Annie Ruth Lee

Bottom, a weaver.....Robbie Gault

Flute, a bellows-mender.....Ruth Meadows

Snout, a tinker.....Edna Simpson

Snug, a joiner.....Myrtle Allen

Starveling a tailor.....{ Eleanor Harwell  
Bessie Reavis  
as Moonshine

Performing in the interlude the parts of Prologue, Pyra-  
mus, Thisbe, Wail Lion, Moonshine.

Hippolyta, betrothed to Theseus.....Annie Hooper

Hermia, daughter of Egeus, in love with  
Lysander.....Leah Parker

Oberon, King of Fairies.....{ Katherine Sedberry  
Ruth Coker

Titania, Queen of the Fairies. ....Reba Stevens

Puck.....Eleanor Frazier

Peaseblossom .....Annie Lee Grasse

Moth.....Margaret Alexander

Mustardseed .....Jeanette Sutliff

Cobweb.....Sarah Paulk

Band of Fairies attending King and Queen

Lords and Ladies attending Theseus

Admission, 25 cents



Booth 31  
item - 305C/6  
Martin College  
Book 350

Presented to the  
Tennessee Conference  
by  
Rev. William A. Harris Jr.  
and his wife,  
Ruth Eleanor Paul Harris

1979

Discovered in Antique Store  
Lebanon, Tenn.







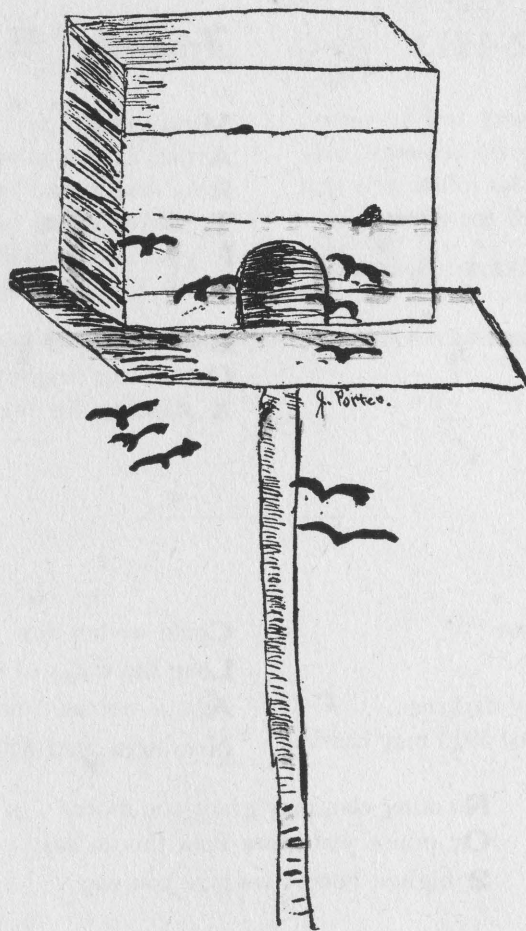
# **MARTIN BOX**

**VOL. III.**

PUBLISHED BY  
**PHI KAPPA AND PHILOSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES**  
OF  
**MARTIN COLLEGE**  
PULASKI, TENN.









### To the Staff, 1912-1913

---

May the successes showered on very few be yours;  
may the fame accorded to only the great be yours; may  
your influence be so felt by those who follow you that  
the world may say, "The Greatest of the Great."

MYRTLE BOULDIN.

### From the Martin Box Staff of 1910

---

**M**aster minds have contributed to you,  
**A**rtists of rare talent are represented, too;  
**R**ead and reread by an interested throng,  
**T**reasured by all to whom you belong;  
**I**n your success will we ever be glad,  
**N**ever forgetting that we have had

**B**oth a share of the honor and of the fun.  
**O**ut of our bright minds was your beginning begun,  
**X** standing for the year in which it was done.

---

**F**rom out the ranks of place and time  
**R**ose a clan among clans to shine.  
**O**ld clans had their fame and glory darkened,  
**M**aking chance that all to the clan of 1913 may hearken

**C**ould we but now your future see,  
**L**ong the walks of life to be,  
**A**pt as not we'd find you each  
**N**earing a goal which few could reach.

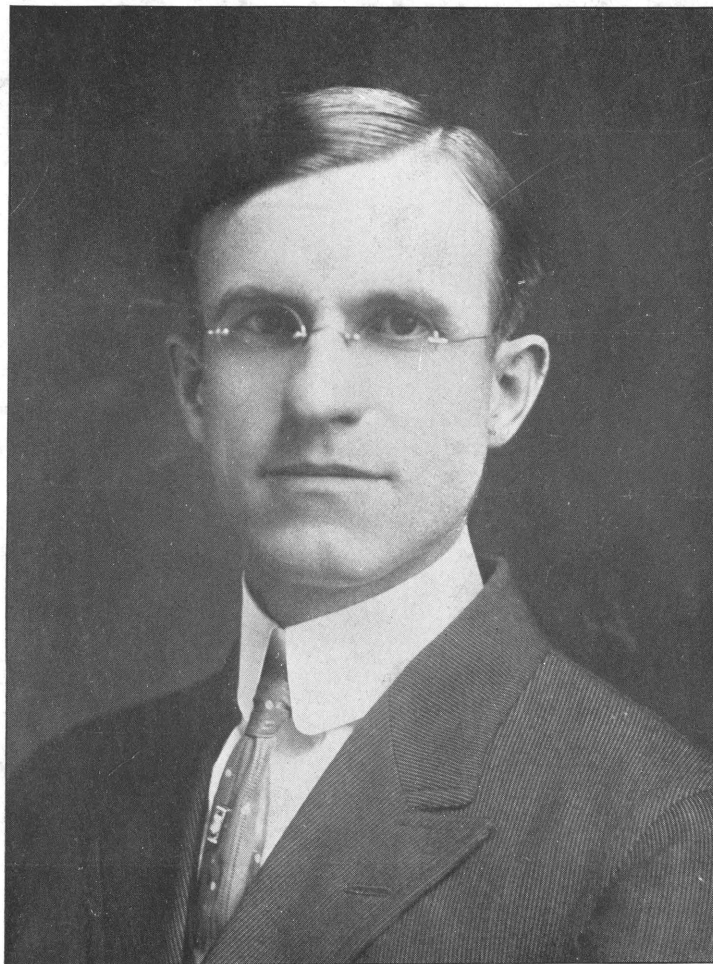
**N**o other clan may grant you more,  
**O**r praise you more than this, to say,  
**2** highest honors we give you way.



Dedicated to  
Miss Maria Henderson Mason

Whose help and thoughtfulness  
has made possible the produc-  
tion of Volume Number  
Three of the Martin  
Box





W. T. Wynn







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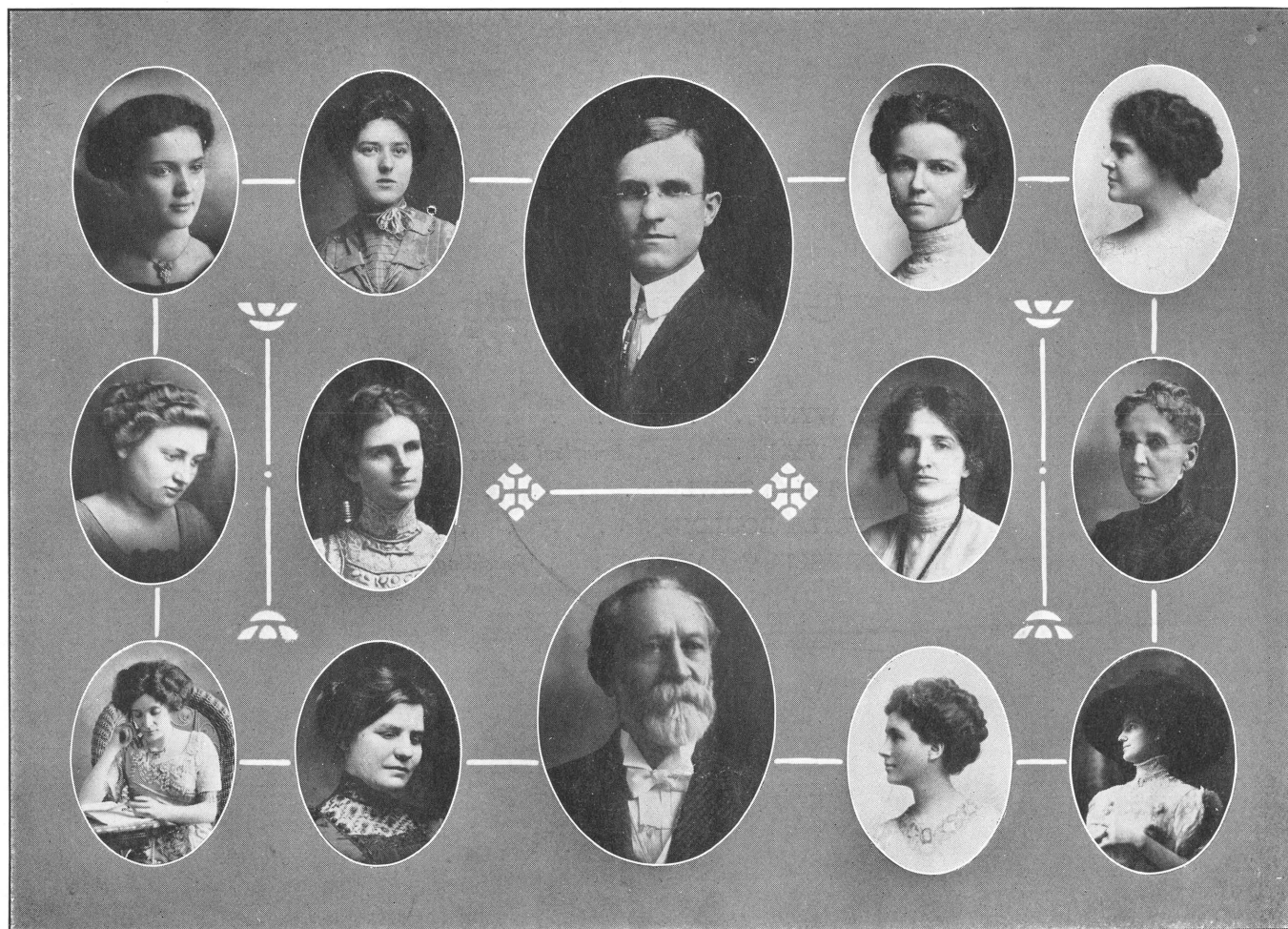
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FLOWER: Violet

MOTTO: "Nothing less than the best."

COLORS: Purple and White

### Class Roll

MARY ELIZABETH ABERNATHY  
RUTH COKER  
CHLOE DEATON  
MAMIE MADRAY  
MARY MARCH

BIRDIE E. MILLER  
GRACE McCONNELL  
GENE MONTGOMERY  
LESSIE GREY TACKER  
LUCILE TURNER

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JOANA BRANSFORD—English and Mathematics.  
MADGE PAULK BUFORD—Pianoforte.  
MAMIE GATLIN—English and Latin  
BESSIE HOLT—Pianoforte  
MAGGIE MAUDE COX—English  
RUTH MEADOWS—Pianoforte  
ETHEL LEE RAMBO—English





ETHEL LEE RAMBO,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"Fearless in her righteous cause."*



MAMIE MADRAY,  
BRADSHAW, TENN.

*"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving or  
more loyal, never beat within a human breast."*



MARY MARCH,  
PETERSBURG, TENN.

*"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."*



ELIZABETH ABERNATHY,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"Her virtues graced with external gifts  
Do breed love's passions in every heart."*



BIRDIE E. MILLER,  
M'EWEN, TENN.

*"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."*



LESSIE GREY TACKER,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"There is a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face."*





MADGE PAULK BUFORD,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"She is all made up of love and charms."*



GRACE McCONNELL,  
LEWISBURG, TENN.

*"She is beautiful and to be wooed;  
She is a woman and therefore to be won."*



JOANA BRANSFORD,  
LEBANON, TENN.

*"In virtues nothing earthly can surpass her."*



RUTH COKER,  
LYNNVILLE, TENN.

*"All that's best of dark and bright meet and  
mingle in her eyes,  
Thus mellowed to their tender light which hea-  
ven to gaudy day denies."*



CHLOE DEATON,  
RUSSELLVILLE, ARK.

*"Sweet is the love which comes with willingness."*



RUTH MEADOWS,  
CORNERSVILLE, TENN.

*"Built too strong for force or virtue ever to  
expugn."*





LUCILE TURNER,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"The virtuous mind that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion, conscience."*



MRS. C. C. CANNON (Class Sponsor)  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"When we approach her loveliness, so absolute it  
seems,  
That what she wills to do or say seems wisest,  
virtuousest, best."*



MAGGIE MAUDE COX,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"Thy voice is music."*



GENE MONTGOMERY,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"To try things oft and never to giver over,  
doth wonders."*



BESSIE HOLT,  
PULASKI, TENN.

*"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like the  
golden fleece."*



MAMIE GATLIN,  
BETHEL, TENN.

*"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her  
every look;  
We read her face as one who reads a holy book."*

## The History of the Senior Class

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Our drama of four acts is drawing to an end, but we trust that the closing scenes may contain many of its strongest features. It would be, indeed, a glorious conclusion to end the play with a tableau composed of the original actors; but realism forbids it. Nevertheless, they played their parts, however minor they may have been, so admirably that the history of this drama is incomplete without them.

Before the curtain falls over the grand finale, which visitors will see enacted on the 28th of May, the Class of 1913 wishes to speak its epilogue to call to your mind the important events of the closing drama. As is most generally the case when flights of oratory are expected, words fail me; so I shall be compelled to employ a very humble style.

The genesis of the Class of '13 was extraordinary in many ways. In the first place, the Sophomores said it was the most verdant class of which Martin College had ever boasted. It is true that when the Juniors asked us if we had matriculated, we blushed and ran to Noah Webster. Nevertheless, after the third Freshie had "changed her occupation," there was not a girl from the Sophomores to the Seniors, who did not long to belong to that fortunate group. The Faculty also found us worthy of attention, Mrs. Cannon even taking the trouble to record our history in a cer-

tain gray book. Some daring maiden braved the hydra-headed monster, the cyclops, and the fiery dragon, that guard this precious volume, not long ago and found that even our most insignificant deeds were carefully registered there. For instance, there were many items like these, very brief, but full of meaning: "Talking—15-11; "Waving—25-11," etc. I suppose the numbers refer to the page on which she wrote all the particulars. Just think how inspiring those conversations must have been, and how gracefully we waved that even Mrs. Cannon took lessons from us!

In other respects, the happenings of the first two years at Martin were not unusual. It remained for the Junior period to teach us our importance; since it was then that we did our first formal entertaining. The Seniors of 1912 said the Junior reception was truly the most enjoyable affair they had ever attended; naturally we believed them and yearned for other Senior classes to conquer with our lavish hospitality. However, those happy dreams of social supremacy were rudely interrupted by final exams. with their vivid portrayal of realms yet unconquered by the all-wise Juniors. Then came Commencement week when we meekly trotted to addresses and sermons expounding the virtues of the Class of 1912, although they had previously thought the entire universe was created ex-



pressly for their benefit. There was an end to this boredom, however—the moment when the last diploma was presented, and we, *the Class of '13, became Seniors.*

At the beginning of the next term, the privileges, coveted since the days of our emerald glory, were sought for and obtained by fourteen girls who fully realized their position. Of this number, only six were among the original thirty-two—Mamie, Birdie, Gene, Ethel Lee, Lessie Grey, and the historian. Many came, and many left, but these stayed on forever. The remaining eight, who were gradually added during our Sophomore, Junior, and Seniorhood, seem truly as dear as if they had fought the whole fight with us.

Time is now swiftly passing and the day is not far distant when we shall leave Martin's walls never again to enter as students. On that day, we shall experience a transient joy, I know; but I much mistake the working of a girl's heart if we shall not feel a deeper and deeper pleasure on each succeeding occasion that permits us to view them again.

Thus ends the epilogue. We hope that it has given you a more sympathetic understanding of our College life, and that it will make it possible for you to share with us the supreme happiness of May 28, 1913.

MARY ELIZABETH ABERNATHY,  
*Historian.*

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Class of 1913, may great things come to you,  
May the coming years bring good fortune and may  
you ever prove true;  
True to the best that is in you, and we're sure wher-  
e'er you may be  
You'll remember with much pleasure the years spent  
at M. F. C.

S. W. C.

## Senior Class Poem

---

Just a few lines to say who we are,  
    *The Class* of the present year.  
These girls will be a success through life,  
And ever hold Martin most dear.

Of course we have a class President,  
Her appellation is Lessie Grey;  
A dear blooming lassie is Lessie,  
As sweet "as the flowers of May."

Ethel Lee is a practical business girl;  
Maggie Maude is our famous beauty;  
Joanna is loving and beloved,  
And, always found doing her duty.

Birdie is class baby, and missionary,  
Elizabeth our brainy member,  
A thoughtful and a brilliant girl,  
With a mind like a glowing ember.

A society belle is our lovely Gene;  
Mamie M. is class jester this year;  
Grace is a darling—a beautiful doll;  
And Chloe a friend ever dear.

Mamie Gatlin has a voice that is a delight,  
And she's graceful as any gazelle;  
Ruth you know is a cute little dump;  
Mary paints exceedingly well.

The next three are pianoforte seniors,  
Witching Bessie, quiet Madge, stately Ruth;  
When I tell you their music is really sublime,  
I am merely stating the truth.

And this the class, excepting me.  
I'm just Lucile—for the rest  
We'll quote our motto, then make our bow,  
    "'Tis nothing less than the best."

LUCILE TURNER,  
    *Poet.*



## Class Prophecy

As my work is along editorial lines, I am always interested in anything that pertains to newspapers, books, magazines, etc. When I find an article that is of interest to me or that I think might be of some future service, I cut it out and save it. Here are some clippings that I prize very highly. The first one is taken from *The Pulaski Citizen*:

### FAMOUS BOUQUET— OLDEST IN THE SOUTH

PULASKI, TENN., May 1, 1932—Pulaski has a bouquet of flowers which has never withered, though they have been kept 19 years. Are they artificial? No. They are real American Beauty roses. The famous flowers were purchased by Mr. Carl R—— and presented to Miss Maggie Maude Cox at a recital given by her April 25, 1913. Miss Cox pressed and dried the flowers and said she would keep them until she caught the young man, and she is still keeping them. This is the oldest bouquet of real flowers in the South.

### BIRD FOR SALE

For Sale on Easy Terms—One large tame "Buzzard" answering to the name of Bob. This bird is about five feet tall and weighs something like 200 pounds. He has a black head and dark eyes.

Can talk more than any parrot. Will eat all he can get. The above bird has been in my possession about two years and I feel sure he will be company and an ornament to any home. Can be bought very cheap. For further information, see

MRS. JOANA BRANSFORD W——  
Owl Hollow, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 4.

### Africa Has Republican Form of Government

#### HER WOMEN MUST VOTE

LOME, AFRICA, April 25, 1932.—Africa is no longer a heathen nation. Future prospects for her are bright. After May 1 she will be governed by a new government. This condition of affairs is due largely to the untiring energy of a missionary who came to Lome ten years ago to work among the cannibals. The heroine is Miss Mary Elizabeth Abernathy, who was born at Pulaski, Tenn., U. S. A. After graduating from Martin

College, in her home town, she went to Wellesley College, Mass., where she graduated with high honors a few years later and came here as a missionary and Traveling Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of America. Seeing the many needs of the country, she set to work to uplift the people in general. She was assisted in this work by Miss Birdie Ellen Miller, another missionary, who landed in Lome a year later.

The two young ladies worked side by side for several months, meeting with great success, until they won the confidence of the inhabitants. But while traveling through the continent Miss Miller met with a young preacher, a former acquaintance, and as the saying goes, "Journeys end in lovers' meetings", Miss Miller was persuaded by the preacher that she must help him.

Miss Abernathy kept up the work. Through her direction a republican government was organized. Miss Abernathy is now leading an immense band of women through the African continent, holding aloft a banner on which are these words, VOTES FOR WOMEN. There is no doubt that the African women will soon have the use of the ballot.



## WASHINGTON MAN MISSING

### LETTER FROM THE DISTRACTED WIFE

Editor "Nashville Tennessean," Nashville, Tenn. Dear Sir.—Please print in your paper an advertisement for my husband. He is four feet tall and weighs about 110 pounds. He was just grand looking when we married. Has brown hair, but I believe he was bald-headed when he left home. Has one glass eye and the other one is crossed. Two weeks ago when I returned from a dance at the Rockwell Building I sent him to look for a diamond button I had lost off my slipper. He never returned, and I'm just crazy to know where he is. Please state in your ad. that if I am not at home when he returns I may be found at the theatre or out electioneering somewhere in the city. Will you also state that it is his second wife who wants him instead of the first.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. GENE MONTGOMERY BROWN.  
Washington, D. C., April 30, 1932.

## TENNESSEAN RETURNS

PULASKI, TENN., May 3, 1932.—There will be a musical recital in the chapel of Martin College, Wednesday evening, May 5, at 8 p.m., given by Miss Ruth Meadows, who sailed from Germany a few weeks ago. Miss Meadows gave her graduating recital in this chapel 19 years ago. Since then she has held several positions as pianoforte instructor in different colleges of the South, and

went to Germany a few years ago to make a special study of Music and Harmony. She has completed the course in pianoforte at the Conservatorium Munchen and comes home highly recommended by the German professors. Miss Meadows has kindly consented to stop on her way home, visit her Alma Mater, and perform for the Pulaski people. The public is invited. No charges for admission.

## ALABAMA'S FIRST FEMALE GOVERNOR

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., April 28, 1932.—Alabama is rejoicing over her first lady Governor. Mrs. Gray G—— was recently elected Governor of this State by a large majority of electoral votes. The State prides herself on being able to furnish such an excellent woman for her ruler. Mrs. G—— was born at Bethel, Tenn., but went to Athens, Ala., to live. Her maiden name was Mamie Gatlin. She was a well known suffragette while in school at Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn., and has met with success after success until she is now Alabama's famous Governor.

## A RECORD BROKEN

NEW YORK CITY, March 28, 1932.—In the Shorthand Contest held here yesterday Miss Ethel Lee Rambo, principal of the Davis Business College of this city, broke all records in shorthand dictation. She wrote eighty words more per minute than any of the other contestants. She received the first prize

and is becoming famous for her speed in taking dictation.

## MARTIN COLLEGE CHANGES HANDS

PULASKI, TENN., April 30, 1932.—At the meeting of the Board of Trust at Martin College, last week, Prof. W. T. Wynn resigned his office as President of that institution and recommended Miss Lucile Turner to fill his place. The people of Pulaski regret to give up Prof. Wynn, but congratulate themselves on being able to furnish Martin College with such a woman as Miss Turner as principal. Miss Turner is now in New York City studying, but will return home in June.

## GOOSE EGG PLAYS IMPORTANT PART IN ROMANCE

LEWISBURG, TENN., April 27, 1932.—Some weeks ago the Lewisburg Produce Co. shipped a carload of eggs to St. Louis. Among the eggs was a goose egg bearing the name and address of Miss Grace Darling McConnell, Lewisburg, Tenn. On the egg was also a Greek phrase, which said, "Write if you feel inclined." The famous egg fell into the hands of a young widower named [redacted] who immediately sent a letter. Letters passed between them frequently until yesterday, when Mr. [redacted] arrived here and claimed Miss McConnell for his bride. *The Lewisburg Tribune* wishes for them a happy wedded life.

## JIM BARLOW DISAPPEARS

PEAT BOG, FLA., May 3, 1932.—Much suspicion is centered around the marriage of Mrs. Jim Barlow of this city to William H——, a snuff drummer, who arrived here about two hours before the wedding yesterday afternoon.

The bride is the widow of Police Barlow, who disappeared very mysteriously three days ago. He was on duty Monday, and appeared to be in perfect health when he left the police station at 9 o'clock Monday night. When he did not show up Tuesday morning he was sent for, and Mrs. Barlow said she had just waked, but supposed her husband had gotten up early and gone to work without waking her.

Much suspicion was aroused when the cook, being questioned, answered: "White man, I ain't goiner have nothing tall do wid dis here matter, de Ole Missus done been too good ter me. All I knows is dat la' night at de supper table de Ole Missus ax't Mr. Barlow ter go out in de haws lot and see if de pump on dat ole well what's done gone dry, was any good. She insisted, and she did, and kept axing him to go, and he tuck and went, and I ain't seen dat man return yit. Whar's dat well? Man, dat well is out in de haws lot and hits got rotten planks over it kase it wuz one of dem ole bode wells. I don't know whar Ole Mas. Barlow went, but fo I got here dis morning Ole Missus done had some colored niggers fetch rocks and fill up dat well. I don't know nothing 'bout dat man, and I ain't goiner 'tray de ole Missus, kase I don't bothers nobody."

Mrs. Barlow refused to see callers for several days, claiming she had nothing to live for, as she believed her husband would never return. Yesterday, about 1 o'clock, a snuff drummer called at the Barlow home and sent a card bearing the name of Will H—— to the lady of the house. After a long conversation they drove to a neighboring town and were married.

Mrs. H—— was formerly Miss Leslie Grey Tacker, of Pulaski, Tenn. She taught school here for several years. She has many friends here.

The objects of suspicion can not be located at present, but detectives are arriving on every train.

## TEACHER TOO LATE

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 31, 1932.—News came to us today that Miss Chloe Deaton was left when the High Flyer sailed for Mars Monday morning. A fortune teller had been to Russellville, Ark., and told several young ladies that they would meet their intended husbands in another planet. So a party of twelve planned a trip to Mars. Miss Deaton started to the place of meeting, met a child crying, she picked it up, and thinking she had plenty of time, carried it home and quieted it by telling it stories. In the meantime the party not being able to find Miss Deaton set sail in Mr. Bromine's airship. Miss Deaton seems very much disappointed and says she would give anything if she had been on time. This seems to have always been a characteristic of hers to be one minute or more late. Miss Deaton has been President of the Kinder-

garten Department of the Russellville High School for several years and it is a blessing for the town that she was left here.

## NOTICE

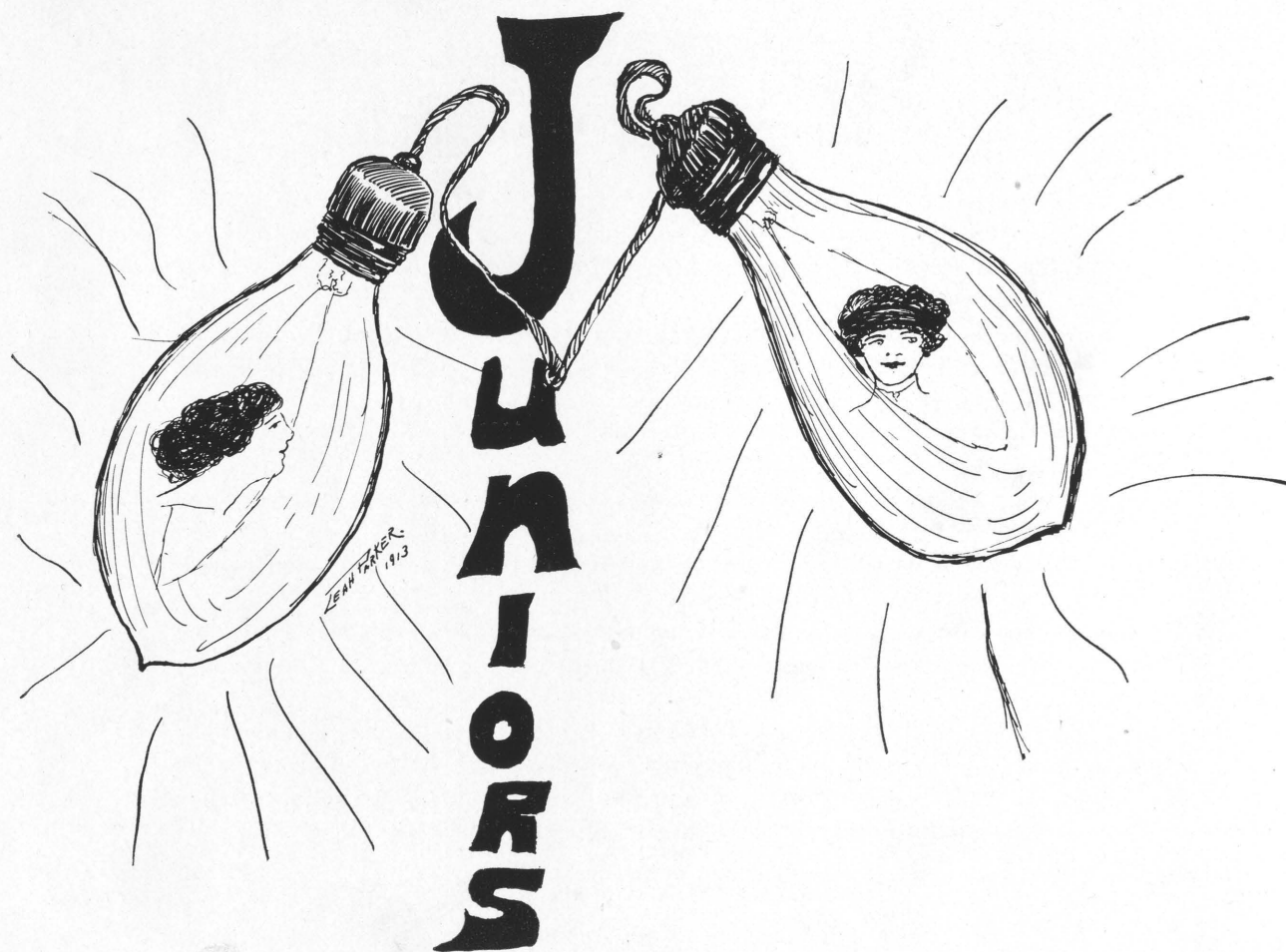
PULASKI, TENN., May 20, 1932.—I hereby notify the public that I will no longer pay the accounts made by my husband, Frank T——. He will not support me or himself either, and I will not support him longer.

MRS. RUTH COKER T——.

## THE TAYLOR FAMILY JUBILANT

NASHVILLE, TENN., November 15, 1932.—The many friends of Mrs. Granville T—— are glad to see her smiling after her husband's defeat in the recent campaign held by the candidates for Governor of Tennessee. The ten children also seem glad to have their foster father at home again. Though some might doubt it (as the children are only adopted), they are very much devoted to their foster parents. Mr. T—— has been Principal of the Petersburg High School for a number of years. This is his fourth time to be defeated in such an election. Mrs. T—— was formerly Miss Mary March. She has taught Art here for several years, and is a leader in the social circles of Petersburg. The many friends rejoice to see the Taylor family in good spirits.

MAMIE MADRAY,  
*Prophet.*





## Junior Class History

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Never before has Martin College had such a Junior class as the present one of 1912-1913. Even Mr. Wynn (as many Junior classes as he has had in his lifetime) admits that.

The rapidity with which it read Shakespeare's works and learned many master quotations; the "social ability" of its members; and last and most wonderful of all, the ease with which it mastered the "Development of the Novel", all tend to show that this Junior class will be the brightest spot in our President's memory in after years.

Of course, the success of the class is due in large measure to the patience and untiring zeal of the teachers, who have labored with it through the trials and tribulations of Rhetoric and Latin in the Freshman year, Geometry and French in the Sophomore year, to the present.

The fame of the class has spread even to Alabama and Georgia, and girls from these states have come to join it, each new member being given a Martin College welcome.

As not a one of the members enrolled this year has been a quitter, doubtless our Prophet could tell us of great things that will take place next year. But as she refuses to foretell these events, you will find a history of each member of this class in the "Martin Box" of 1914, after things have really happened.

LUCILE HERIGES, *Historian*.



## Junior Class

### Officers, 1912-1913

SARAH SMITH -----	<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH -----	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY-----	<i>Vice President</i>	MAGGIE GRAY -----	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCILE HERIGES -----		<i>Historian</i>	
LUCILE HUNTER -----		<i>Poet</i>	
ELISE DOSS -----		<i>Prophet</i>	

MOTTO: "Non Multa Sed Multum."

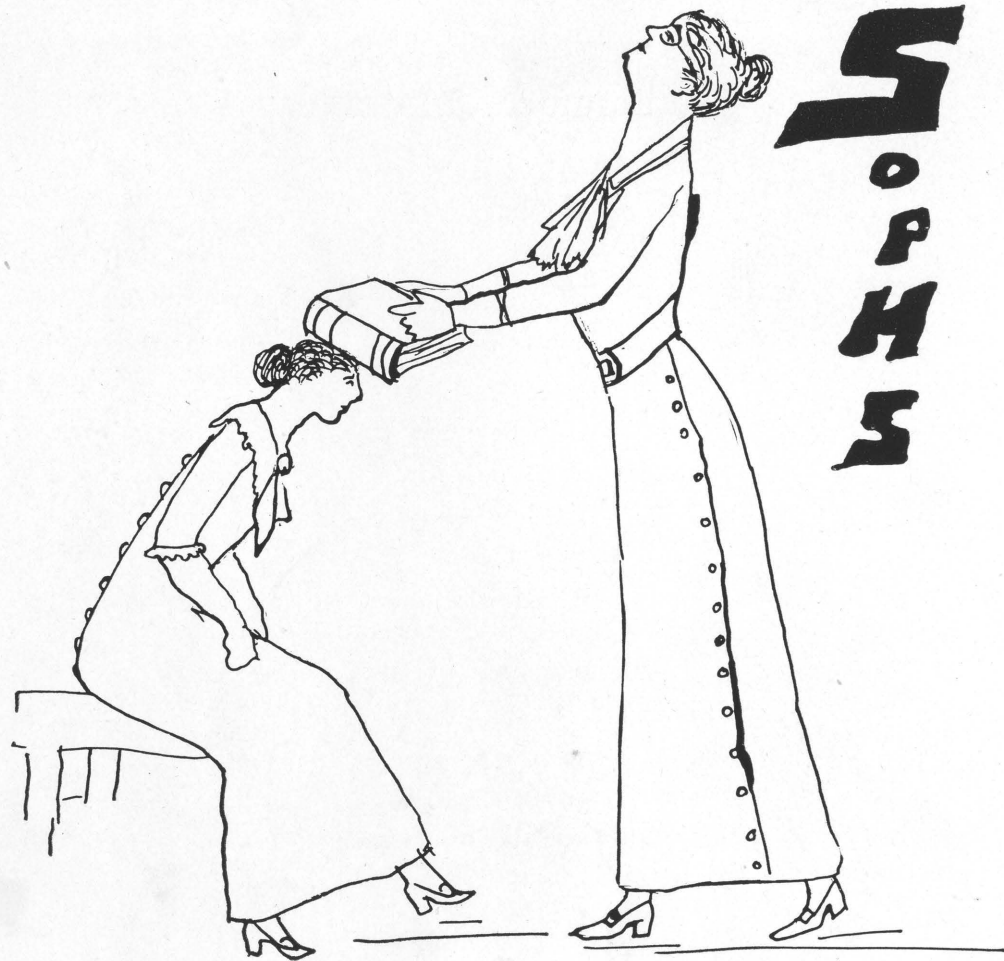
COLORS: Pink and Gray.

FLOWER: Killarney roses.

### Class Roll

GLADYS VOORHIES	
ELISE DOSS	SARAH SMITH
ANNA ADKINS	ELSIE PETWAY
LUCILE HERIGES	CLEVIE McCARTY
LUCILE HUNTER	ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH	MARGARET WALLACE
MARGARET CHILDERS	ESTELLE SMITH
MAGGIE GRAY	LEAH PARKER
BESSIE BRUCE	WILMA ISOM





## Sophomore Statistics

---

Prettiest—KATHERINE STONE  
Smallest—ANNIE ABERNATHY  
Tallest—PAULINE SWANN  
Shortest—MARGARET LEECH  
Most Beautiful Hair—GLADYS VOORHIES

Biggest Eater—ANITA NUNN  
Biggest Talker—JANIE BELLE PITTS  
Most Attractive—ANNIE HOOPER  
Best Disposition—EDITH HOOPER  
Most Popular—BESSIE HARRIS

Wittiest—ANNIE RUTH LEE  
Most Graceful—ANNIE PAULK  
Biggest Sport—ELIZABETH OLIVER  
Quietest—LOUISE FREY  
Biggest Baby—MARY CLARKE JONES  
Most Faithful to Class—JANIE BELLE PITTS  
Most Stylish—GLADYS VOORHIES  
Biggest Flirt—LEAH HORN  
Silliest—LYNETTE JONES  
Dullest—ANNIE MAE WHITMORE





## Sophomore Class

### Officers

JANIE BELLE PITTS-----President

KATHERINE STONE----Secretary and Treasurer

FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

COLORS: Pink and Green.

MOTTO: "*Beyond the Alps lies Italy.*"

### Class Roll

ANNIE ABERNATHY

DELLA BLANTON

BONA GATLIN

WILMA GARRETT

LEAH HORN

ANNIE HOOPER

EDITH HOOPER

BESSIE HARRIS

MARY CLARKE JONES

LYNETTE JONES

ANNIE RUTH LEE

ANNA BELLE McMILLION

ANITA NUNN

JANIE BELLE PITTS

ANNIE PAULK

MILDRED RALSTON

MILDRED ROBERTS

RUBY RANDOLPH

ADELAIDE SEVIER

PAULINE SWANN

SAMMIE SMITH

BESSIE SISK

EDNA SIMPSON

SAM ELLA WALLACE

KATHERINE STONE

LIZZIE WILSON

ANNIE MAE WHITMORE

LOUISE FREY

ELIZABETH OLIVER

MARGARET RAGSDALE

MYRTLE ALLEN

MARGARET LEECH

SALLIE B. HOLT

# THE FRESHMEN



## Freshman Class History

---

Everything that is anything has had more or less of a history, so we, the All-important Freshmen, have had at least a beginning. We came together on the 18th day of September, 1912, and organized. We chose for our President, Miss Lois Pearce, who came all the way from Central America to be with us. She is beloved by all and puts forth every effort for the betterment of the class. Our motto is "United we stand, divided we fall;" and as we keep this thought daily before us we all try to pull together with our President, for all that is best, for indeed strength is found in unity.

Our class colors are Green and Gold; our Flower is the yellow Chrysanthemum.

We hope we are the best, and we know we are the largest class in Martin College, our number being about fifty.

If we can only get an encouraging smile from our dear teacher, instead of the usual frowns and punishments, we will feel that we have gained a great step in our onward march to Seniority.

**F**rom far and near, we gather here,  
**R**eady for study and play.  
**E**ach Freshie is a jolly girl;  
**S**ometimes grave, but often gay;  
**H**er fun is always harmless.  
**M**uch work she'll do, I ween;  
**A**nd such Sophs as next year's will be,  
**N**ever have at Martin been seen.

NELLE TURNER,  
*Historian.*

## Freshman Poem

---

We come again, a loyal band  
The Freshman of the Bluegrass land,  
To ask you to search the wide world through,  
And see if you can find a class so true.

We are faithfully striving day by day,  
To reach the goal which seems far away.  
We thank the Seniors good and kind,  
Who aid us, this far-off goal to find.

We will be a better class next year,  
Than all the Sophomores you've found here,  
For the simple reason, we're the largest class,  
That ever in "Exams" they have known to pass.

When Massey School calls to their host,  
"We wish to give to the school our toast."  
Whom do you think they will give it too?  
"Here's to the Freshman kind and true,  
And we wish to be remembered by all of you."

REBA STEVENS, *Poet.*





# Freshman Class

## Officers

LOIS PEARCE ----- *President*  
 MARIE BOOTHE ----- *Secretary and Treasurer*      NELLE TURNER ----- *Historian*  
 REBA STEVENS ----- *Poet*      ANNALEE KELLUM ----- *Prophet*

MOTTO: "United we stand, divided we fall."

COLORS: Green and Gold.

FLOWER: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

## Class Roll

ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY  
 SUSYE ADKINS  
 MARIE BOOTHE  
 MABEL BOULDIN  
 VELMA CAMPBELL  
 MAY CONATSER  
 BESSIE CHENAULT  
 ROIE DANCE  
 GERTRUDE DUNNAVANT  
 EMMA FAIRES  
 MAMIE FORSYTHE  
 MARY GARNER  
 ALMA GARRETT  
 MARGARET GILLIAM  
 ROBBIE GAULT

TULLIE GRUBBS  
 CORINNE HARRIS  
 LENICE HICKMAN  
 DORA HOLMES  
 FLORA HOLMES  
 LILA HARWELL  
 BENSIE HARWELL  
 MARY INGRUM  
 MERTIE JOHNSON  
 ANNALEE KELLUM  
 ZELMA KING  
 BESSIE LOCKE  
 EVELYN MURRAY  
 MATTIE NELSON  
 MARY WILL OLIVER

ELIZABETH OLIVER  
 ANNIE PAULK  
 RUTH PORTER  
 LOIS PEARCE  
 CLARISSA RAGSDALE  
 BESSIE REAVIS  
 BEATRICE ROBERTS  
 REBA STEVENS  
 ELLEN SMITHSON  
 NELLE TURNER  
 ELLA WILLIAMS  
 LIZZIE WILLIAMS  
 EMMA WRIGHT  
 FRANCIS WILSON  
 ELIZABETH YANCY

In Loving Remembrance  
of  
Susye Kate Adkins

Entered Martin College, September, 1911

---

Born (Langston, Ala.) May 18, 1892  
Died (Scottsboro, Ala.) April 20, 1913

To know her was to love her  
The influence of her Godly life shall live forever





*2000  
x3*

**SUB FRESHMAN**

## Sub-Freshman Class

### Officers

PATTIE HARWELL -----	<i>President</i>	KATHERINE SEDBERRY-----	<i>Historian</i>
HALLIE ALEXANDER-----	<i>Vice President</i>	ELEANOR HARWELL -----	<i>Poet</i>
MILDRED KING -----	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	ALICE HUNERWADEL -----	<i>Prophet</i>

MOTTO: "*Always strive to be great.*"

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

### Class Roll

FLORENCE PENNINGTON  
KATHERINE SEDBERRY

MILDRED KING  
REBECCA O'NEAL

HALLIE ALEXANDER  
WILLIE COBBS  
REVIS HARDY

WILLA MAE COLLINS  
PATTI HARWELL  
ELEANOR HARWELL

DORA HOLMES  
ALICE HUNERWADEL  
TENNIE JENKINS

## Sub-Freshman Poem

---

Oh! you "Seniors"  
Brave and true,  
Just four more years  
'Till we're one too.

Dear, dear "Juniors,"  
Bright and gay,  
We've watched you study  
For many a day.

"Sophomores," we're longing  
For the time to pass  
When we can enter  
Your happy class.

And now we've come  
To the "Freshman" class,  
My! how slowly  
Time does pass.

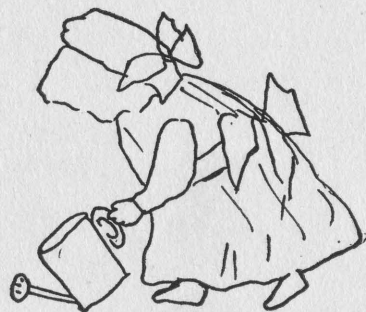
The "Freshmen" think  
They're mighty fine,  
But we "Sub-Freshmen"  
Aren't far behind.

For everyone  
Next year will see  
What good "Freshmen"  
We "Subs" can be.

PATTIE HARWELL.



# SUB COLLEGIATE.



260715  
19

## Sub-Collegiate Class

### Officers

MAGGIE EMILINE LEE ----- *President*  
MAURINE MURRAY ----- *Vice President*  
MARGARET ALEXANDER ----- *Secretary*  
LOUISE McKENNON ----- *Artist*  
MATTIE CARTER ----- *Prophet*  
LUCY MAYS ----- *Poet*

### Class Roll

MARGARET ALEXANDER  
MATTIE CARTER  
ORLEAN COBBS  
MAGGIE EMILINE LEE  
MAURINE MURRAY  
LOUISE McKENNON  
LUCY MAYS  
SADIE STENBECK





## Members of Primary Department

---

VIRGINIA ABERNATHY	MARY KATE DOUGLASS
WILEY ABERNATHY	BROWNIE DOUGLASS
HELEN ADKINS	HUGH GLADISH
HOMER ADKINS	LUCILE GARRETT
MANSTON ADKINS	WILLIAM HENRY GORDON
HANSELL BAUGH	ANNIE LEE GRASSE
JAMES CHAPMAN	SANDERS HOWARD
DOWDEN CANNON	ORLEAN HOLT
ETHEL COHEN	KARIN HUGHES
NILES CUNNINGHAM	CATHERINE CRAIG
LOUISE KERSEY	CAROL MOORE
GAREY LEE	KATIE MOORE
KNOX LEE	JAMES OAKES
COLEMAN LEDBETTER	SARAH PAULK
MARVIN MAY	REBECCA PORTER
FLORENCE MAY	GUSTAVUS ROBERTS
GRACE MCCLELLAN	MARY LAMBUTH RAGSDALE
ARZLINE MILLER	LULA BELL WALKER
KATHLEEN MILLER	LUCILE WALLACE
GEORGE ALLAN MORGAN	WILLIAM WYNN



# Philosophian Society

## Officers

### PRESIDENT—

First Term—MARY MARCH  
Second Term—MAMIE MADRAY.

### VICE PRESIDENT—

First Term—SARAH SMITH  
Second Term—SARAH SMITH.

### SECRETARY—

First Term—MAMIE GATLIN.  
Second Term—MAMIE GATLIN.

### TREASURER—

First Term—MAGGIE MAUDE COX.  
Second Term—MAGGIE MAUDE COX

### PIANIST—

First Term—LOLLAR JOHNSON  
Second Term—MARY ELIZABETH ABERNATHY.

### CRITICS—

First Term—ELIZABETH ABERNATHY and ANNA B. Mc-  
MILLION.  
Second Term—MARGARET RAGSDALE and SAMMIE SMITH

### CHAPLAIN—

First Term—GLADYS WARNER.  
Second Term—RUTH COKER.

### MARSHALS—

First Term—JULIA SHRIVER and RUTH COKER.  
Second Term—ANNIE PAULK and EUGENE MONT-  
GOMERY.

### PROGRAM COMMITTEE—

First Term—BESSIE HIGHT, MARGARET CHILDERS, AN-  
NIE PAULK, LOLLAR JOHNSON and ANNIE RUTH  
LEE.  
Second Term—EUGENE MONTGOMERY, LIZZIE WILSON,  
MARY MARCH, SARAH SMITH, and ANNIE BELLE  
McMILLION

MOTTO: "Quality, Not Quantity."

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: Carnation.

## Members

MARY ELIZABETH ABERNATHY  
ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY  
ANNE ABERNATHY  
HALLIE ALEXANDER  
MATTIE CARTER  
MAGGIE MAUDE COX  
MARGARET CHILDERS  
RUTH COKER  
GRACE COLLINS  
WILMA GARRETT

ALMA GARRETT  
MAMIE GATLIN  
LILA HARWELL  
REAVIS HARDY  
BESSIE HIGHT  
SALLIE B. HOLT  
ADELAIDE HUGHES  
MARY CLARK JONES  
MARY INGRAM  
MERTIE JOHNSON

LOLLAR JOHNSON  
ANNIE LEE KELLUM  
ZELMA KING  
ANNIE RUTH LEE  
MAGGIE EMALINE LEE  
BESSIE LOCKE  
MAMIE MADRAY  
LOUISE McKENNON  
ANNA BELLE McMILLION

MARY MARCH  
LUCY MAYES  
EUGENE MONTGOMERY  
MATTIE NELSON  
ANNIE PAULK  
LOIS PEARCE  
MILDRED ROBERTS  
BESSIE REAVIS  
RUBY RANDOLPH  
MARGARET RAGSDALE

JULIA SHRIVER  
EDNA SIMPSON  
SARAH SMITH  
SAMMIE SMITH  
SADIE STIENBACK  
GLADYS WARNER  
LIZZIE WILSON  
ELLA WILLIAMS  
LIZZIE WILLIAMS  
HELEN WRIGHT





# Phi Kappa Literary Society

## Officers

### PRESIDENT—

First Term—LESSIE GREY TACKER.  
Second Term—JOANNA BRANSFORD.

### VICE PRESIDENT—

First Term—JOANNA BRANSFORD.  
Second Term—KATHERINE STONE.

### SECRETARY—

First Term—CHLOE DEATON.  
Second Term—WILMA ISOM.

### TREASURER—

First Term—LUCILE TURNER.  
Second Term—BESSIE SISK.

### PIANIST—

First Term—EDITH HOOPER.  
Second Term—DELLA BLANTON.

### CRITIC—

First Term—LYNNETTE JONES.  
Second Term—LYNNETTE JONES and JANIE BELLE PITTS.

### CHAPLAIN—

First Term—LUCILE HUNTER.  
Second Term—BIRDIE MILLER.

### MARSHALS—

First Term—JANIE BELLE PITTS, WILLA MAY COLLINS,  
and LEAH HORN.  
Second Term—PAULINE SWAN and MARIE BOOTH.

COLORS: White and Gold.

MOTTO: "Strive to Surpass."

FLOWER: Daisy.

## Members

ANNA ADKINS	CHLOE DEATON	BESSIE HARRIS	MAE CONATSER	ORLEAN COBBS	ADELAIDE SEVIER
ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH	ROIE DANCE	CORINNE HARRIS	TENNIE JENKINS	ELSIE PETWAY	ESTELLE SMITH
MARGARET ALEXANDER	GERTRUDE DUNNAVANT	EDITH HOOPER	LYNNETTE JONES	RUTH PORTER	ELLEN SMITHSON
MYRTLE ALLEN	ELISE DOSS	ANNIE HOOPER	MILDRED KING	CLARISSA RAGSDALE	LESSIE GREY TACKER
MARGARET BAUGH	EMMA FAIRES	LEAH HORN	MARGARET LEECH	MILDRED RALSTON	LUCILE TURNER
DELLA BLANTON	MAMIE FORSYTHE	LUCILE HUNTER	CLEVIE MCCARTY	BEATRICE ROBERTS	NELLE TURNER
MARIE BOOTH	LOUISE FREY	ALICE HUNERWADEL	BIRDIE MILLER	ETHEL LEE RAMEO	MAMIE TOWLES
JOANNA BRANSFORD	MARY GARNER	LENICE HICKMAN	MAURINE MURRAY	HALLIE REEVES	GLADYS VOORHIES
BESSIE BRUCE	ROBBIE GAULT	ELEANOR HARWELL	EVELYN MURRAY	OLIVENE ROSS	WILLIE COBBS
BESSIE CHENAULT	MARGARET GILLIAM	BENSIE HARWELL	GRACE MCCONNELL	BESSIE SISK	FRANCES WILSON
ANNIE MAY WHITMORE	MAGGIE GRAY	LUCILE HERIGES	ANITA NUNN	KATHERINE SEDBERRY	MARGARET WALLACE
VELMA CAMPBELL	TULLIE GRUBBS	FLORA HOLMES	ELIZABETH OLIVER	KATHERINE STONE	SAM ELLA WALLACE
WILLA MAY COLLINS	BONA GATLIN	DORA HOLMES	LEAH PARKER	PAULINE SWANN	EMMA WRIGHT
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY	PATTIE HARWELL	WILMA ISOM	JANIE BELLE PITTS	REBA STEVENS	LUCILE WAGONER
FLORENCE PENNINGTON					ELIZABETH YANCEY



Young Women's Christian Association



# U. M. C. A.

## Cabinet

SARAH SMITH ----- *President*  
 BIRDIE E. MILLER ----- *Vice President*  
 LIZZIE WILSON ----- *Secretary*  
 BESSIE SISK ----- *Treasurer*

FLOWER: Carnation.

COLORS: Green and White.

## Chairmen of Committees

MAMIE FORSYTHE ----- *Music Committee*  
 BESSIE SISK ----- *Finance Committee*  
 LIZZIE WILSON ----- *Intercollegiate Committee*  
 ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY -- *Social Committee*  
 BIRDIE E. MILLER ----- *Membership Committee*  
 LUCILE TURNER ----- *Religious Committee*  
 LUCILE HERIGES ----- *Missionary Committee*

## Members

ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY  
 MARY ELIZABETH ABERNATHY  
 SUSYE ADKINS  
 HALLIE ALEXANDER  
 ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH  
 MYRTLE BOULDIN  
 JOANNA BRANSFORD  
 DELLA BLANTON  
 BESSIE BRUCE  
 ELIZABETH CHENAULT  
 MARGARET CHILDERS  
 RUTH COKER  
 MAGGIE MAUDE COX  
 WILLA MAE COLLINS  
 ELISE DOSS  
 CHLOE DEATON  
 ROIE DANCE  
 GERTRUDE DUNNAVANT  
 EMMA FAIRES  
 MAMIE FORSYTHE

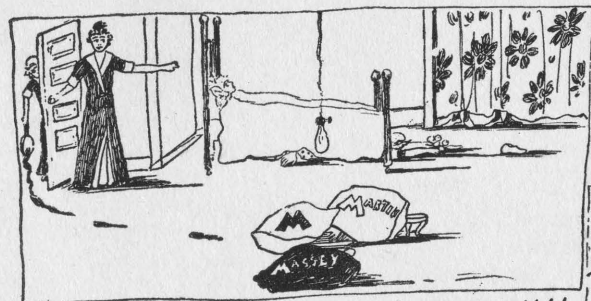
LOUISE FREY  
 WILMA GARRETT  
 ROBBIE GAULT  
 MAMIE GATLIN  
 BONA GATLIN  
 MARGARET GILLIAM  
 MAGGIE GRAY  
 CORINNE HARRIS  
 BESSIE HARRIS  
 LEAH HORN  
 DORA HOLMES  
 FLORA HOLMES  
 LUCILE HERIGES  
 ANNIE HOOPER  
 EDITH HOOPER  
 PATTI HARWELL  
 ALICE HUNERWADEL  
 WILMA ISOM  
 LYNNETTE JONES  
 MARY CLARK JONES

ANNALEE KELLUM  
 ZELMA KING  
 MARGARET LEACH  
 BESSIE LOCKE  
 CLEVIE McCARTY  
 LOUISE McKENNON  
 BIRDIE E. MILLER  
 MARY MARCH  
 ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY  
 GENE MONTGOMERY  
 MAMIE MADRAY  
 GRACE McCONNELL  
 EVELYN MURRAY  
 ANITA NUNN  
 LOIS PEARCE  
 LEAH PARKER  
 ELSIE PETWAY  
 RUTH PORTER  
 FLORENCE PENNINGTON  
 MILDRED RALSTON

OLIVENE ROSS  
 BESSIE REAVIS  
 RUBY RANDOLPH  
 ETHEL LEE RAMBO  
 EDNA SIMPSON  
 REBA STEVENS  
 ADELAIDE SEVIER  
 BESSIE SISK  
 SARAH SMITH  
 ELLEN SMITHSON  
 ESTELLE SMITH  
 KATHERINE STONE  
 PAULINE SWANN  
 LESSIE GREY TACKER  
 LUCILE TURNER  
 GLADYS VOORHIES  
 MARGARET WALLACE  
 LIZZIE WILSON  
 ANNA MAE WHITMORE  
 EMMA WRIGHT



1:30 A.M. 7 GIRLS IN A TWO GIRL ROOM. LIGHTS ON



1:32 A.M. ALL ASLEEP.

LIGHTS OFF!!!!



LET'S MAKE FUDGE. WE HAVEN'T A THING TO MAKE IT WITH BUT A CHAFING DISH.

FUDGE REQUIREMENTS  
SUGAR, CHOCOLATE,  
BUTTER, MILK.  
COOK ON CHAFING DISH.



THEY HAVE ONLY THE CHAFING DISH.

ONE WAY TO WAKE AT THE MASSEY BOYS



COLLEGE GIRLS ALWAYS LOVE THEIR TEACHERS.

GIRLS AT MARTIN COLLEGE WEAR FLUR SLEEVES ON COLD MORNINGS.



GIRLS IN ALASKA WEAR ONE THIRD OF A SLEEVE.

MARTIN COLLEGE GIRLS LOVE TO WEAR CAPS AT NIGHT.



MASSEY BOYS WEAR STOCKING TAPS AT NIGHT.

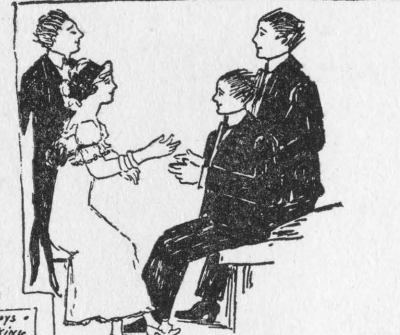
AND GET THIS RESULT IN THE MORNING



THEY START OUT TO BORROW OF THEIR FRIENDS, AND AFTER A THOROUGH CANVASS GET EVERY THING NEEDED.

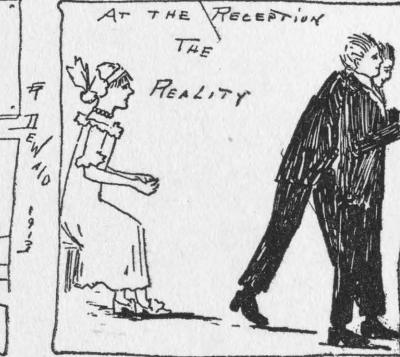


AND HAVE SOME FUDGE TO EAT DURING STUDY HALL.



SALLIE EMMA'S DREAM OF THE RECEPTION

RECAP THE RECEPTION.





# Commercial Club

---

MRS. CORNELIA C. CANNON.....*President*

MOTTO: "*Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind  
will give you bread.*"

## Members

MYRTLE BOULDIN

CHLOE DEATON

MAMYE FORSYTHE

BESSIE HARRIS

BESSIE HIGHT

SALLIE B. HOLT

MAMIE MADRAY

ELIZABETH OLIVER

RUTH PORTER

ETHEL LEE RAMBO

RUBY RANDOLPH

## Hell

Rah, rah, rah!

Chee, chee, chee!

We are the members of the

M. C. C.



## Prof. Grasse's Music Class

---

ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY

SUSYE ADKINS

DELLA BLANTON

MRS. BUFORD

ROIE DANCE

MAMIE FORSYTHE

LOUISE FREY

MAGGIE GRAY

ANNIE LEE GRASSE

BENSIE HARWELL

BESSIE HOLT

ANNIE HOOPER

EDITH HOOPER

LEAH HORN

LOLLAR JOHNSON

LYNNETTE JONES

MARY CLARK JONES

MARY MARCH

RUTH MEADOWS

BIRDIE MILLER

EVELYN MURRAY

ANITA NUNN

JANIE BELLE PITTS

MILDRED ROBERTS

IRENE SCALES

ADELAIDE SEVIER

BESSIE SISK

SAMMIE SMITH

REBA STEVENS

MAMIE TOWLES

LELA WILKES







## Mrs. Harwell's Music Class

---

ANNIE ABERNATHY

MARY ELIZABETH ABERNATHY

MARGARET BAUGH

BESSIE CHENAULT

WILLIE COBBS

WILLA MAY COLLINS

GERTRUDE DUNNAVANT

EMMA FAIRES

ALICE HUNERWADEL

SALLIE B. HOLT

WILMA ISOM

MERTIE JOHNSON

LOUISE KERSEY

CLEVIE McCARTY

GRACE McCONNELL

MATTIE NELSON

MARY WILL OLIVER

MARY GARNER

MAMIE GATLIN

ROBBIE GAULT

MARGARET GILLIAM

CORINNE HARRIS

PATTI HARWELL

FLORA HOLMES

DORA HOLMES

REBECCA O'NEAL

ANNIE PAULK

LOIS PEARCE

ELSIE PETWAY

MILDRED RALSTON

OLIVENE ROSS

EDNA SIMPSON

LULA BELLE WALKER

## Miss Dasher's Vocal Class

---

ANNA ADKINS	
MABEL BURGESS	LOIS PEARCE
IDA VIRGINIA CAMERON	RUTH MEADOWS
MRS. C. C. CANNON	ANNA BELLE McMILLION
MARGARET CHILDERS	ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
WILLA MAE COLLINS	ELSIE PETWAY
MAGGIE MAUDE COX	JANIE BELLE PITTS
ROIE DANCE	IRENE SCALES
MAGGIE GRAY	ESTELLE SMITH
LEAH HORN	GLADYS WARNER
ADELAIDE HUGHES	LELA WILKES
LOLLAR JOHNSON	MAY WILLIAMS
CLEVIE McCARTY	EMMA WRIGHT







## The Quartette

MAGGIE MAUDE COX  
First Soprano

LELA WILKES  
Second Soprano

MARGARET CHILDERS  
First Alto

MABEL DASHER  
Second Alto

## Miscellaneous

### How Fast Can You Talk?

A growing gleam glowing green.  
 The bleak breeze blighted the bright brown blossoms.  
 Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.  
 Strict, strong Stephan Stringer snarled slickly, six  
 sickly, silky snakes.  
 Six thick thistle sticks.  
 I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws.  
 Thaddeus, the thistle sifter, sifted a sieve of un-  
 sifted thistles. If Thaddeus the thistle sifter sifted a  
 sieve of unsifted thistles, where is the sieve of unsifted  
 thistles Thaddeus the thistle sifter sifted?

### Personal Property

E. ARROWSMITH	Big White Hat.
M. MADRAY	Fine Proof of Her Picture.
MRS. TOWLES	"Trixy."
MRS. CANNON	Black Face Clock.
MISS SHOOK	Book Agent
H. M. REAVES	A Trunk of Evening Dresses.
L. JONES	White Top Shoes
LESSIE "GREY" TACKER	A Middle Name.
E. HARWELL	Twenty Cents.
MARY MARCH	"Wagon Wheel."
MISS DASHER	A "Sorority Pin."

### What Would Happen If—

"TITTER" lost her "little marbles?"  
 ANITA stopped talking?  
 EVELYN would be good?  
 LOUISE FREY laughed?  
 GLADYS learned "Trig?"  
 REBA sang a solo at Commencement?  
 LUCILE HUNTER recited her History lesson?  
 JANIE BELLE PITTS broke a rule?  
 ANOTHER Thanksgiving reception were given?  
 MAGGIE stayed off the upper porch?  
 WILMA I. learned to read Virgil?  
 MISS MASON got to chapel exercises on time?  
 MISS SHOOK didn't give tests?  
 MR. WYNN should go to Alaska?  
 WE got a holiday?  
 "TEDDY" got some Richmond roses?  
 EVERYBODY stopped singing, "You'll Never Know  
 What a Good Fellow I've Been 'Till I've Gone  
 Away."

# Expression Class

## Officers

KATHERINE STONE -----*President*      LUCILE HUNTER-----*Secretary and Treasurer*

MOTTO: "*Toujours Pret.*"

FLOWER: Forget-me-nots.

COLORS: Blue and White.

## Members

MYRTLE ALLEN	EDITH HOOPER	LEAH PARKER
MYRTLE BOULDIN	LUCILE HUNTER	BESSIE REAVIS
MATTIE CARTER	WILMA ISOM	KATHERINE SEDBERRY
ELEANOR FRAZIER	LOLLAR JOHNSON	KATHERINE STONE
ROBBIE GAULT	LYNNETTE JONES	REBA STEVENS
CORINNE HARRIS	ANNIE RUTH LEE	SAM ELLA WALLACE
ELEANOR HARWELL	LOUISE MCKENNON	LIZZIE WILSON
ANNIE HOOPER		RUTH MEADOWS

## Expression—Advanced Pupils

ROBBIE GAULT
LUCILE HUNTER
WILMA ISOM
ANNIE RUTH LEE
LEAH PARKER
KATHERINE SEDBERRY
KATHERINE STONE







# ART



## Miss DeWald's Art Class

PEARL BROWN  
IDA VIRGINIA CAMERON  
CHLOE DEATON  
GERTRUDE DUNNIVANT  
ORLEAN HOLT  
ZELMA KING  
MARGARET LEECH  
MARY MARCH  
LOUISE MCKENNON

LEAH PARKER  
RUTH PORTER  
CLARISSA RAGSDALE  
MARGARET RAGSDALE  
MRS. J. H. SEDBERRY  
ELLEN SMITHSON  
ANNIE MAE WHITMORE  
MRS. W. T. WYNN

## Miss DeWald's Music Class

PEARL BROWN  
VELMA CAMPBELL  
MAE CONATSER  
ELISE DOSS  
REAVIS HARDY  
LUCILE HERIGES

ORLEAN HOLT  
LOUISE MCKENNON  
ANNA BELLE MCMILLIAN  
MARGARET RAGSDALE  
ELLEN SMITHSON  
FRANCES WILSON





## Finding Your Place

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[Extracts from an address to the graduating class of Martin College, by President W. T. Wynn, 1912.]

Were I a preacher my text would be John v. 17: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." My subject is: "Finding Your Place." During more than a third of a century Martin College has been in existence. Three hundred young women have been graduated and thousands taught within her walls. I do not know what she has cost the good people of Pulaski and Giles County and other sections of the South. I do not know what your stay with us has cost your parents. Yet I do know that if this group of twenty young women finds each her place and fills it, all the tears, all the money, all the heartaches will have full compensation. Then my entire speech may be summed up in this sentence: God has a place for you and expects you to find it and fill it.

Some girls attend school to have a good time; others to master textbooks; some to make a show and have something to talk about in after life; others to develop strong, vigorous bodies. Young ladies, I would not decry any of these motives. They all have an element of good in them. Yet if your work here does not aid you to understand yourselves and find your place among your fellows, the efforts of friends, parents and teachers have been worse than wasted.

One hundred years ago there were only two places open to women, the home and society. The lighter (?) domestic duties such as sewing, washing, and ironing were not denied her; yet she was not allowed to teach even in the public schools of cultured Boston. Now practically every field of usefulness is open to her. She may care for the sick, preside over institutions of learning, pull teeth, practice law, to say nothing of easier tasks, such as running street cars and managing a husband!

Every girl before me tonight is a possible queen of the White House. Yet I would neither attempt to choose your occupation for you nor lay down any specific rule by which you may choose for yourself. Sometimes I think you have a little or no choice in the matter, anyway. God's work is not aimless. He has a purpose in each life, and it is your duty to fill acceptably the mission whereunto you have been called. Browning beautifully expressed it in these words: "I desire in this life to live and just write certain things which are in me and so save my soul."

To appreciate my theme, young ladies, there are a few things which we must remember:

1. Education is not the development of a machine to escape toil. It is only to make toil more productive to the race, to fit one for better and more effective ser-

vice. "Idleness," says Burton, "is the bane of the body and the mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the deadliest sins, the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief reposal." Christ says: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

2. Education which unfits woman for the meaner cares of life is either the wrong kind of education or it has been used on the wrong kind of a woman. For a woman to be true nowadays she must do something that is really worth while. Dr. Biggs in his best book says: "The notion that a woman is, at her best, a sort of pretty fool with smelling salts is one of the first false notions that the real girls' school has dispelled."

. . . If one has dishes to wash and wants to read poetry, she should wash the dishes first."

I do not care for any of you to make a reputation as a great bridge player or a graceful dancer. Yet to be famous as a cook, milliner, reporter, doctor, lawyer, housekeeper, is an honor which the angels might covet. Before the decline of Rome her women boasted of nothing to do; and there being no business to justify their existence, God said the glory and grandeur of Rome should be no more.

3. Your work will not in the least depend on the so-called elevation of the place which you occupy, but rather in fulfilling the highest mission of which you are capable. There is a vast difference in feeling too big for a place and being too big for it. Methinks sometimes mistakes are made by anxious mothers taking their daughters out of the kitchen, where they are of some use; then with a smattering of education in-

sisting that they make school teachers. Better a first-rate cook than a third-rate teacher. "Better not be at all than not be noble." Truth and devotion, my friends, coupled with common sense and effort, means success.

I have not had to go to Alaska to find parents, fond parents, who think their daughters not strong enough for an education with books and schools, yet insist on their being leaders in society. They do not seem to realize that more girls break down under a nervous strain because they disregard the simple laws of health than from the evils from all the schools of Christendom. In this saner civilization we are coming more to realize that the proper school life tends toward the control rather than to the overthrow of the nervous system.

Now, the best test of the school is not its buildings, its equipment, its numbers, its curriculum, its show, its society, but the kind of students it turns out. Would you be leaders, plan and execute without noise; would you be followers, act wisely and consistently; would you justify your school and yourself, toil unremittingly, humbly. Your school should be your Browning, revealing the motive power of life; for only the little soul goes away from school feeling exclusive. Then I say to justify your school, yourself, do what lies nearest to you, and that thing better, if possible, than it has ever been done by another. Less than your best is a sin against your school, your home, your God. Would you make life a success, dream day-dreams, foster enthusiasm. It is your right, your glory by reason of your youth. I pity the man who must live



with the woman who never dreams, who never looks into the future and sees her plans realized in complete fruition. Build air castles and continue to build them. They are not for weak, grumbling, discontented people, but for real live women with a purpose.

There are, no doubt, sharp conflicts before you. You will be told that you must follow the maddening crowd with its silly pleasures, high living, and low thinking. You are bought with a price. May the time never come when one of the Class of 1912 feels that she must do anything which is not done for the glory and honor of God and for the good of her fellows!

We received some of you four years ago, some three, some two, and others only one; yet all of you came to us a sacred trust. You were reared by God-fearing parents under the influence of the Sunday

School, Young People's Union, Epworth League, and Christian Endeavor. This priceless heritage must not be lost or bartered for a mess of pottage. You have been to me as friends and associates, fellow laborers. I love you as my own children. Your career, whether with us another year, in the higher institutions of learning, or in the duties of life, will be watched with interest. As you go from us may you have the consciousness of duty performed and a desire to be guided by the unseen Hand that never leads astray! Not all of us shall meet again until that great day. I shall not be satisfied unless I can greet you, one and all, in eternal morning. May you live day by day that you may realize fully that God is in his heaven, that God is in your life, and that all is well with your soul!





## Senior Basketball Team

GRACE McCONNELL (Captain)-----Center

JOANNA BRANSFORD-----Left Forward

MARY MARCH-----Right Forward

BIRDIE E. MILLER-----Right Guard

RUTH COKER-----Left Guard



# BASKETBALL



# "The" Basketball Team

## Officers

EMMA WRIGHT ----- *President*  
DELLA BLANTON ----- *Vice President*  
ANNIE HOOPER ----- *Secretary and Treasurer*  
MISS ETHEL MAY WILSON ----- *Coach*

MOTTO: "*We always land our ball in the goal.*"

COLORS: Red and Blue.

## Members

EMMA WRIGHT (Captain) -----	<i>Center</i>	DELLA BLANTON -----	<i>Left Forward</i>
CLEVIE McCARTY -----	<i>Right Forward</i>	LEAH PARKER -----	<i>Right Guard</i>
LEAH HORN -----		<i>Left Guard</i>	
ANNE HOOPER -----		<i>Center Aid</i>	

## Hell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

"The Team."

## First Basketball Team

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PAULINE SWANN ----- *Captain*  
WILMA ISOM ----- *Left Guard*  
BENSIE HARWELL ----- *Right Guard*  
REBA STEVENS ----- *Left Forward*  
JANIE BELLE PITTS ----- *Right Forward*

MOTTO: "*Aim for the Goal.*"

### Hell

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
1st team, 1st team,  
Sis, boom, bah.







## Tennis Club

REBA STEVENS ----- *President*      PAULINE SWANN ----- *Secretary and Treasurer*

COLORS: Red and White.

MOTTO: "Be a cutter."

### Members

ANNA ADKINS  
ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY  
LEAH HORN

ANITA NUNN  
JANIE BELLE PITTS  
EVELYN MURRAY

KATHERINE SEDBERRY  
REBA STEVENS  
PAULINE SWANN



Are We In IT?  
One, two, three,  
Who are we?  
Martin, Martin,  
Can't you see?  
Are we in it?  
Well, I should smile,  
We've been in it  
For quite a while.

Richer-chicker-boom, Ricker-chicker-boom,  
Ricker-chicker, Ricker-chicker, Ricker-chicker-boom,  
Boom, boom, boom, rip, rah, rah,  
Martin, Martin, rah, rah, rah.

To-deak, to-deak, ter-rah, rah, rah,  
To-deak, to-deak, ter-rah, rah, rah,  
Hoo-rah, Hoo-rah,  
Martin, Martin,  
Rah, rah, rah.

Martin College! Rah, rah, rah!  
Martin College! Rah, rah, rah!  
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!  
Martin College.

What's the matter with Martin?  
Hoo! Hah! Hay!  
She's O. K.  
Martin! Martin!  
Hoo! Hah! Hay!

### Nine Rahs for "Little Mary Mildred Wynn"

Rah, Rah, Rah Rah Rah!  
Rah, Rah, Rah Rah Rah!  
Rah, Rah, Rah Rah Rah!  
"Little Mary Mildred Wynn."

EMMA WRIGHT.









## Rook Club

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PEARL BROWN  
ROIE DANCE  
MAMIE FORSYTHE

TULLIE GRUBBS  
CORINNE HARRIS  
BENSIE HARWELL

PAULINE SWANN





## T. O. T. L.—Town Girls' Club

---

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY  
MAGGIE MAUD COX  
ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH  
GENE MONTGOMERY

MARGARET CHILDERS  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY  
LUCILE HUNTER  
KATHERINE STONE  
LESSIE GREY TACKER

SARAH SMITH  
GLADYS VOORHIES  
BESSIE HARRIS  
ANNIE PAULK

## "The T. O. T. L. Girls"

---

You notice first our dear Lucile,  
A beauty of this flock;  
If you can guess whose photo she holds,  
You have surely solved a secret bold.

Elizabeth's ideal of perfect life is  
Red Richmond roses ever,  
But Elizabeth II wants a big white hat,  
And "Coxy" loves D. T. D.

Dear Sarah and Elizabeth III,  
Are most as smart as one can be;  
But all of us many idle hours spend,  
Conversing about our dear "Jim."

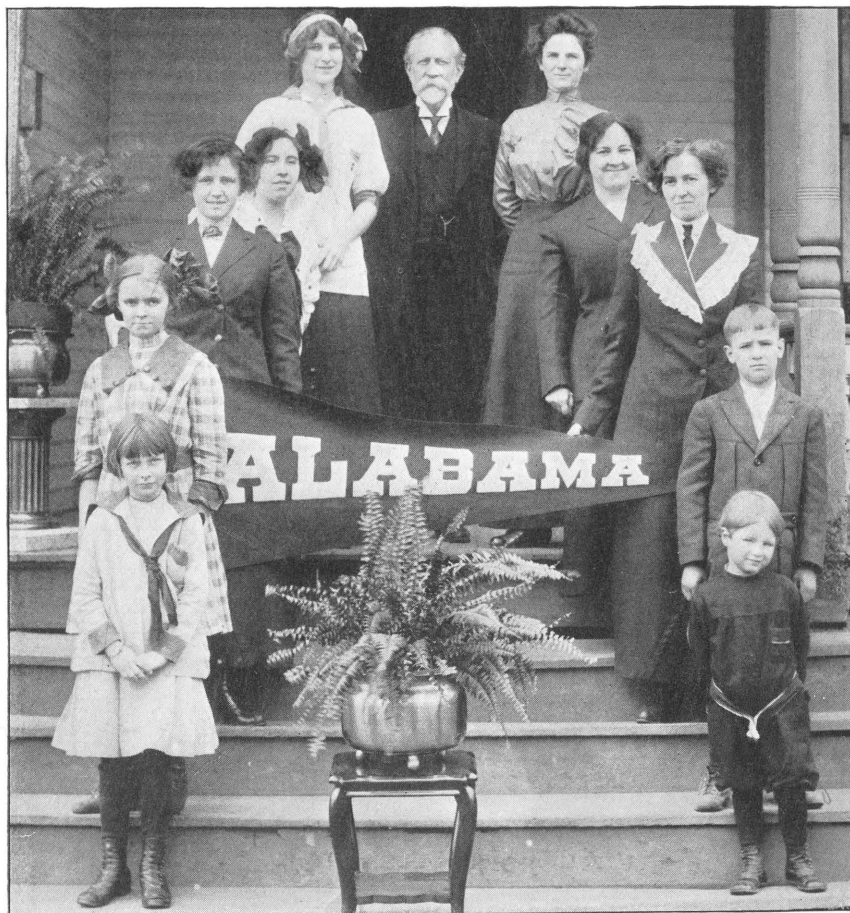
"Life is real and Life is earnest,"  
So you all have heard it said;  
Thus Gene's pet theory—'tis her last year,  
And exams. must come you know.

Now Annie and Bess are little girls,  
But also they are great;  
Dear Margaret is our singing girl,  
A perfect Prima Donna fate.

Lessie Grey, the teacher's pet (oh, dear,)  
Seniors most always are;  
An old maid school teacher she's bound to be,  
And then, oh, well, ha, ha.

Now the star for reading is Our Cat,  
Who captures all our hearts;  
They say I'm bound to be a poet, 'cause  
I wrote this and you all know it——

GLADYS VOORHIES.



Alabama Club



## It Drives Bull Care Away to Think of

Where Lessie Grey Tacker's middle name originated.

The failure of the alarm clock, and Frits getting the Thanksgiving turkey, thus putting an end to the midnight feast.

Mary March at the Senior reception.

Birdie Miller getting ready for the reception. (Birdie doesn't take art, but she paints well.)

Hallie Alexander throwing out the window a suit case which contained only a pair of slippers, when it was thought the house was on fire.

Hallie Reaves, after bringing down her laundry, and sitting down upon it to watch the college burn.

Miss Mason placing her cot on the back porch with so much care.

The girls milking the cows which came on the campus.

The sentence by which Lucile Hunter illustrated the use of the word *dynasty*.

The way Lizzie Wilson arranges her hair.

Why Lois Pearce went to the Sunday School convention.

Edna Simpson after the minstrel.

Grace McConnell, about two hours before the banquet.

(Not all who can use the tongs skillfully are blacksmiths.)

## What Amused Me at the Banquet Was

Miss Shook looking *heavenward*.

Miss Bouldin trying to act dignified.

The flowers that some wore.

The pleasant expression of importance on Cleve McCarty's face.

A similar expression on Maggie Gray's face.

Lessie Grey Tacker's lonely appearance.

The uneasiness on the part of the few girls who patiently awaited the arrival of some Columbia Jims.

The joke told on Mr. Wynn.

The young man who expected to be called on to make an impromptu speech writing hurriedly some notes on his copy of the program. But when the banquet was over he realized that a prank had been played on him.

Edna Simpson knocking a man in the head with a silver waiter.

How some girls who hadn't had any exercise on that day could eat so much.

## Alex at Banquet for Greater Martin College

---

It is a privilege to speak on a subject which is so dear to me, and should be dear to us all—Martin College alumnae. Perhaps it has a fuller meaning to me than to any other at this board. Being the only living representative, save one other, of that class which first went out from her halls as graduates, it has been granted to me, as to none of the others, the opportunity to watch at close range, the evolution, as it were, of Martin College. I've rejoiced with her in her palmiest days; I've sorrowed with her when clouds obscured her brightness; and I've grieved with her when a cruel fate gave her noble building to the flames. Pulaski knows what it means to have her lights suddenly go out and the town left in darkness. I can think of no better way to describe the conditions and feeling in our community, during the two or three years when Martin College was in *eclipse*. But she has risen from her ashes, and her alumnae rejoices at her new birth, and like dutiful daughters, should be zealous for her, that her glory be not always a thing of the past.

The alumnae is scattered over most of the Southern States, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande River, but we have a goodly number within our own gates, represented by the mothers and daughters who grace many of the homes in our county and town. The alumnae is the yearly output of Martin College, and should be one of her biggest assets. It is an important part of the community, and if it is interested in and works for Martin College, the community will work for Martin College.

If we are to have a GREAT WOMAN'S COLLEGE, the alumnae must come forward—we must find our possibilities, and use them. The local organization is not very large or enthusiastic at present, but we have had plans for a cherished scheme. However, we will lay aside all other plans, and bend our energies towards securing that which Martin College most needs.

All of our schools have their influence on the community, but that of Martin College is unique. It is a large part of our social prestige. Our young mothers look forward to the time when their little girls shall be old enough to sit in her halls. Our churches feel her influence, our merchants value her presence in their midst, and society looks to her for its intellectual standard.

Our delightful climate woos her, and even our beautiful hills invite her to take her seat upon them as a great "Woman's College for the South." The past of Martin College has been honorable, but it remains for us, and the coming generations, to make her future glorious.

I am sure that those of the alumnae who are with us tonight will join me in a toast to our Alma Mater:

To what she is, to what she has been,  
To what she will be, when her halls are greater,  
And the girls of the South are gathered in.

MRS. GILES REYNOLDS.

## At the Ringing of the Bell

---

Once upon a morning early, while I yawned, sleepy  
and dreaming,  
Of many a hard and curious volume of outrageous  
bore—  
While I dressed, nearly sleeping, suddenly there came  
a tinkling,  
As of someone softly ringing, ringing just outside the  
back porch door;  
“ ’Tis the milkman,” I muttered, “ringing at the back  
porch door—  
Only this and nothing more.”  
Presently my wonder growing stronger, waiting not a  
minute longer,  
I stuck my head outside the door;  
But the fact is I was mistaken, for still gently came the  
ringing,  
And so faintly came the jingling, jingling through the  
*front* hall door,  
That I knew without going farther toward the back  
hall door  
That it was locked—and nothing more.  
Back into my room returning, after I had just been  
learning,  
That the sound was still there ringing, ringing louder  
than before.  
“Surely,” said I, “that is someone ringing at the front  
hall door,

Let me see then what is out there,” and this fact I did  
deplore—  
Though my tresses still were dangling, and of clothes  
I lacked some more,  
’Twas the breakfast bell and nothing more.  
Open then we flung the door, and with many a shout  
and scramble,  
Out we rushed—the stately Seniors, whose like has  
ne’er been seen before.  
Not the least hesitation made we, not a moment stop-  
ped or stayed we—  
But with gigantic steps made we, straightway for the  
chapel door.  
We had come so far, no more.  
Beyond us stood the President, now frowning, the bell  
in his hand still resounding.  
Oh, the grave and stern decorum of the countenance  
he wore!  
By this we knew without considering, as we quietly  
slipped within,  
That we slow and tardy Seniors would get demerits by  
the score—  
That we now might walk the campus for half a month  
or more;  
Impediments then, but nothing more.



## An Incident in Alaska

---

"But how can we ever get the message to him, when these old teachers have to do all our letter-writing for us? Don't you know your plans are all nonsense, Sallie Emma?" asked Kate Mason, falling across her bed in room thirty-five of the Sitka College dormitory.

"That's just like Sallie Emma, always trying to be cute," put in Susan, the oldest of the four room-mates. "It may be nonsense, but listen, girls," said Sallie Emma, "I know whom I can get to do the stunt for us. Bessie Careless is a clever day student who will do anything for me. I'll write Jim a note telling him at what hour to come. Now listen:

"SITKA COLLEGE, SITKA, ALASKA.

"Saturday morning.

"DEAREST JIM.—We're starving for something to eat, and we're in trouble and can't leave this old campus to get anything to eat. Can't you help us? We can eat anything from a red stick of candy up to devils-food cake. Please get us a basket of eatables and bring it to the northeast corner of the college campus at 11 o'clock tonight and we will swing a rope out the window for it. Just whistle and we will be ready. Do not let old man Regis get on to this or we will be sent home. Be sure to come.

Bye, bye,

"SALLIE EMMA,

*"Biggest of the Big Four."*

"Will that do?" "Oh, we are just wild for some pickles and chocolate candy!" they all exclaimed. "Why can't he get into the basket and let us pull him up?" asked Kate. "Add some more to that, that's not enough," Susan remarked. "Well, then, how's this:

"P.S.—We are all just wild for pickles and chocolate candy. Say, Jim, we could enjoy the feast lots more if you could be with us. If you will get a large basket and tie the rope good we can pull you up, too. Now, do this, dear. Tah! Tah!"

"Good!" they all shouted.

The letter was delivered and the Big Four were busy arranging their room for the expected guest. Thirty came. One-half hour after the ringing of the light bell the matron heard some whispering in room thirteen; listening again she heard a window go up, tin cans and paper sacks rattled; then there was a sound of a male voice. She opened her door and heard some girls say in a loud whisper, "Give us your hand. Now sit down here in the window while we get these sacks out of your way." So immediately she knocked lightly at room thirteen. There was a great hustle inside, the shade was jerked down, Sallie Emma fell across her bed, burying her head in the pillows, Kate grabbed a glass and the other two crawled under the bed, calling out, "Come in." "What is the matter in

here, Sallie Emma?" asked the matron. "She has a bad toothache and I'm trying to fix some medicine for her," answered Kate, stirring vigorously with the spoon. "Poor child; I'll get something for her," added the matron, going out hurriedly. Out crawled the girls with a giggle and got into the bed with shoes on and pretended to be sound asleep when the matron returned. Luckily for them the matron was so interested in her patient that she did not observe closely the inmates of the other bed, but sat down and talked with Sallie Emma and Kate for thirty minutes, when Sallie Emma said that her tooth was easy and the matron retired again. For a few minutes silence reigned.

"Thank goodness," they all exclaimed, getting up and raising the shade. "Girls," said Jim Brown, "I must go or I will be locked out of the hotel, but I'll be back tomorrow night." So the basket was lowered and the Big Four enjoyed the midnight feast all alone, but unusually quiet for four jolly, congenial room-mates.

"Well, Sallie Emma, you're a trick, and we have a plan that Prof. Regis will not find out in a month of Sundays."

A windstorm came up during the night, doing no worse damage to Sitka than to cross the telephone lines. Jim Brown, feeling that he had played a bright trick

on Prof. Regis, called up his chum before breakfast next morning and told him of his adventures of the night before. Prof. Regis happened to be at his phone at the same time and heard the whole story, but did not get the girls' names. He at once thought of a scheme to find out who the girls were and surprise them at the same time. At ten-thirty the girls heard the signal, the basket was lowered and drawn up again as fast and as quietly as the four could draw the heavy load.

"We must be quiet tonight so you can stay longer," they all whispered.

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse," said the professor, trying to imitate Jim. When the basket was almost up to the window they recognized the old brown suit of Prof. Regis. Dropping the basket immediately, they danced with joy when they heard it hit the ground with a crash.

Next morning Prof. Regis was carrying his right arm in a sling—only four girls knew why. No one ever mentioned it. The Big Four did not go home nor did they receive the expected lecture, but the escape was so narrow that the basket was never lowered again from room thirteen.

MAMIE MADRAY.



## To Martin's '13 Seniors

---

We're the nineteen-thirteen Seniors.

Do you realize, class-mates mine,  
That many of us have struggled here  
Since nineteen hundred and nine?

O the days are passing so quickly,  
Our stay here is very brief;  
When we leave the halls of Old Martin,  
Our joy will be tempered with grief.

Shall we ever find friends so patient,  
Long-suffering, kind and tender,  
As these teachers of ours at Martin,  
Always ready assistance to render?

And the schoolmates we leave behind us,  
Are dear to us—one and all.  
Our wish for them is success through life,  
May not one stumble or fall.

May our mistakes prove a warning to them,  
Our successes (if such they can find),  
An inspiration to everyone  
To labor, and to broaden the mind.

What have the years in store for us?  
Shall we all meet again?  
We seventeen loyal classmates  
Who part now with joy and with pain.

Joy and pain will doubtless be blended  
In our lives, O comrades dear;  
May we always reach up higher  
And find the helper ever near.

If the glitter of evil should tempt us,  
Let us strive to keep to the right.  
It is better to walk in the dark with God  
Than to walk alone in the light.

LUCILE TURNER,  
*Poet.*

## Sallie Emma's Diary

---

September 18, 1912.—Left home crying. Papa said I couldn't come home until Christmas. Jim happened to be in Nashville. We had us a picnic.

September 19.—Reached Pulaski. Some tall fellow, with a mouth that reached from ear to ear, shook hands with me when I got off the train. Seemed terribly interested in me, and when he went to Martin College it dawned upon me that it was Mr. Wynn.

September 20.—Saw my first grits at the breakfast table. We had hash also for breakfast.

September 26.—I joined in my first midnight feast.

September 27.—Went walking near Massey School and waved at Jim.

October 23.—Had a Faculty recital here and an informal reception afterward. Jim was not here, but sent me a note.

October 5.—Reception at Massey, and Jim came home with me. The distance seemed very short that night.

October 19.—Girls had a mock wedding. I did not take part in it. "No taters" in mock weddings for me; I like real things myself.

October 23.—Had another midnight feast. I had to crawl out the window to keep the teachers from hearing me go to Mary Jane's room.

October 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Wynn gave the girls a tacky party and a candy pulling. I tried in vain

to look tacky. Grace McConnell sure was tacky, and I don't think she had to try very hard. But some folks are naturally more talented than others.

November 1.—E. S. and myself ate nuts under the bed by candle light 'till 12 o'clock.

November 2.—The Seniors gave a Faculty "Take Off." Jim was here, so I didn't see much of the play.

November 13.—Made my first call at the office. Stayed only 45 minutes.

November 14.—We had a reception and Jim and his brothers were here. I never had such a grand time in all my life. Jim said, "Sallie Emma, you sure do look grand tonight. You're a darling, anyway."

November 16.—Knew I couldn't study after all I heard the night before, so I cut study hall.

November 17.—Mr. Wynn wanted me to call at the office again. I was very busy, but knew he was rather sensitive about such, so I went, and now I go about once or twice a week.

November 21.—Mr. Hannibal Williams read "Julius Caesar" in the chapel, but neither Jim nor Tom was here.

November 22.—Y. W. C. A. sale. I bought a false face for my room-mate. Didn't think she had one or she would have worn the best looking one occasionally.



November 25.—Flirted with a good looking snuff drummer. He smiled when he read my note.

November 26.—Went to the picture show in the afternoon and saw my snuff drummer. Oh, my! the letter he wrote. Well, I didn't seal it up and before I retired it had done gone to sugar.

December 3.—Changed tables and stayed in with algebra teacher two hours after school.

December 16.—My name was on the honor roll, and the *professor* said I might take an hour off and go to town.

December 19.—Packed my suitcase and wrote Jim a short letter, telling him I would be in Nashville next day.

December 20.—Papa met me (unexpectedly) at the moving picture show in Nashville. Jim bought me a chafing dish for a Christmas present.

December 25.—Santa Claus came and brought me a box of candy and a basket of fruit.

January 3.—Returned to Martin. Papa came back with me; so I was too anxious to get *back in school* to stop in Nashville.

January 4.—Christened my new chafing dish. Had dog sandwiches, pickle and pear preserves; also three loaves of bread and six plates of butter, which I swiped from the kitchen when the matron was being attracted outside by my room-mates.

January 7.—Begged meal from the cook to clean my hair and made bread with it to eat my "maloney" sausages.

January 8.—The President wanted to see me in the office again.

January 10.—We had a dance on the fourth floor. Mr. Wynn was not invited, but was present, and we didn't dance long. He's rather sensitive about dancing.

January 11.—When I heard Sallie Emma's name called out at the breakfast table I supposed he wanted me to come to the office and explain why I had not invited him to the dance, so I went to apologize.

January 12.—As my feet were sore from dancing (?) I did not leave the campus to go anywhere for two weeks.

January 14.—I heard the sad refrain,  
"Exams. must be-gain."

January 18.—I had such a good time at the reception at the Massey School.

January 21.—My namesake, little Sallie Emma, later christened Mary Mildred, came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Wynn.

January 23.—I called on little Miss Wynn. Got a box from home.

January 26.—For dinner we had a chicken with five drumsticks and seven wings. We had cake and cream also.

January 27.—Started to read the "Rosary," but an angel teacher took it away from me.

February 6.—Self-government was stirred up and I tried to turn over a new leaf.

February 13.—Our first holiday, followed by a recital.

February 18.—The college caught fire very mysteriously. Mr. Wynn was not burning but he received most of the water.

February 19.—Had my picture took.

February 21.—Juniors entertained the Seniors. I didn't get to go any nearer than the top step.

February 22.—Declamation contest at Massey. Jim came all the way from Bugg Tussle to walk with me up there.

March 6.—The Jubilee singers came over to sing for us.

March 7.—Mr. Wynn returned from Washington, but didn't show much improvement in appearance.

March 8.—They said the college was on fire. In five minutes I had all my evening dresses tied up in a sheet and was on my way to the gate, when I learned that it was a false alarm.

March 11.—Teacher caught twenty-five of us engaged in a midnight feast.

March 12.—Went to office, where I heard a very exciting lecture; received ten demerits, and was told to remain on the campus for a month.

March 16.—Mrs. Cannon entertained the prissy Sophs in her room.

March 17.—Went to office to pay for a new chair. Senior home girls entertained six teachers at six o'clock dinner.

March 31.—We had a banquet here. I served.

April 1.—Went to Pond Hill on a picnic and took some pictures.

April 8.—Had eggs for breakfast. I ate ???? Milked old Jersey and made hot chocolate.

May 15.—Exams! Exams! Exams! (Result?)

May 14.—Commencement begins. Recitals, recitals, recitals, recitals every night. Senior Class Night, "Children's Picnic in Fairy Land," by the Primary Department.

May 28.—Diplomas delivered. Started for home on the afternoon train.

END.



## A Few Things the Faculty Admire in Our Students

---

The way Reba dresses her hair for breakfast.  
Wilma Isom's kind suggestions (?) to her French teacher.

Florence Pennington for her reserved and conservative ways.

Edna Simpson for her gentle manners.

Olivene Ross for her simple (?) frocks.

Annie Hooper for her soft voice.

Lessie Grey Tacker for her hatred of gossip.

Anna Adkins for her quiet and unassuming ways.

Adelaide Sevier for her assistantship in English.

Elise Doss for her quietness.

Elizabeth Montgomery for her lack of "bossiness."

Louise Frey for her jolly, rollicking disposition.

Emma Faires for her sincerity.

Margaret Childers for her dislike of cosmetics.

Maggie Gray for her antipathy for men.

Pauline Swann for her "petit ways."

Hallie Reaves for her veracity.

Elizabeth Yancey for her athletic build.

Alice Hunerwadel for her efficient Grammar work in German.

Anita Nunn for her lack of curiosity.

Hallie Alexander for her composure.

Janie Belle for her self-effacement.

Clevie McCarty for her excessive timidity when in the company of young men.

Bessie Locke for her efficiency in Geography.

Leah Parker for her simplicity.

Mamie Madray for her sweet, sad face.

Lizzie Wilson for her sobriety.

Lucile Heriges for her dashing society ways.

Annie Ruth Lee for her quietness.



## Local Jokes

Miss Mason: Next time we will study physical geography.

Lessie G. Tacker: Yes, that teaches of the body.

Margaret Childers: Miss Shook, where is that pretty ruby ring you have been wearing?

Miss Shook: Look here, I don't want any of your impudence.

"Mary had a little lamb,  
But it was not enough:  
According to the present style  
It wouldn't make a muff."

Miss Bouldin: Mattie, tell something about Remus.

Mattie Carter: Oh, Uncle Remus, he is the magazine man you read about.

Miss Mason (in spelling class): Give me an example of the use of the word "haul."

Katherine Stone (thoughtfully): Oh, yes; there is the haul tree (hall tree).

### A LOVE STORY.

Chapter I—Maid one.

Chapter II—Maid won.

Chapter III—Made one.

Miss Holmes: Tell something of Cowper's education.  
Elizabeth Oliver: Well—, ah—, he was educated in Westminster Abbey.

Hallie Reaves announces that she has joined the "Fire Capper Literary Society."

Margaret Baugh (in history class): That picture of Michael Angelo is certainly elevating.

Miss Shook: Yes, it was painted on the ceiling.

Sadie Stenback has a collection of pictures of Mammoth Cave. Among them is one of a chair in which she says some great man sat. She supposes it must have been Cæsar.

Him: I would like to make a proposal to you—

Her: I'm awfully sorry, but I'm—

Him: That we go get some ice cream—

Her: Oh, I'd be delighted—

Him: Some warm evening next summer.

Miss Mason: You remember these lines, "This is the forest primeval?"

Ruth Coker: Yes'm, they are in Virgil.

Jim (to Hallie Alexander): Why haven't you told me before that you loved me?

Hallie: I couldn't find a postcard with the right words on it.

Miss Bouldin (passing a picture of drum) : This was beaten at the Battle of Lexington.

Maggie Gray: I thought the English were beaten there.



Miss Shook (in spelling class) : Use the word "hazard" in a sentence.

Margaret C.\*: The man hazarded off the back of the train.

"Mary had a little lamb;

You've heard this fact before,

But have you ever heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?"



Lois (to Mrs. Cannon after Dowden was burned with acid) : How is Dowden getting along?

Mrs. Cannon: Much better, thank you.

Lois: That's too bad.





## Advertisements

FOUND.—One tame "Buzzard," answering to the name "Bob." Owner may receive the bird by paying for this ad.  
JOE BRANSFORD.

LOST.—All knowledge of construction, by Pliny Class. Finder please return immediately, as we are going to have exams. soon.  
PLINY CLASS.

FOR SALE.—My knowledge of the Bible. Rates low; terms easy. Apply to Edna Simpson, Room No. 9.

WANTED.—To know Sallie Emma's real name.  
THE STUDENT BODY.

FOR SALE.—One red sweater and one black skirt. Both have been in use quite a while, but show no signs of wear.  
LESSIE GREY TACKER.

WANTED.—To know what the suffragette said to Mr. Wynn at the inauguration.

WANTED.—Applicants for lessons in dancing. We are experts in this line of work.  
MAGGIE GRAY and REBA STEVENS.

WANTED.—To know when the wagon is coming to town. I ask every day but can't find out.  
HALLIE REAVES.

LOST.—Somewhere between midnight and noon, privileges belonging to the fifteen girls who attended the midnight feast in room No. 8.

LOST STRAYED OR STOLEN.—From the bread box or supper table twenty-five pieces of bread. Finder please return same to me before time to make toast for breakfast Monday morning.

MRS. TOWLES.

## Problems

How anyone may escape from her own room and arrive safely in another's during *quiet hour*.

Will the Sophomores ever be Juniors?

Will there be "ragtime" and dancing in heaven?

Will "Simp" ever reach the honor roll?

Why Margaret Childers advises her father to order things by the "carload."

Why Evelyn Murray likes for the wind to "Blow."

Why Reba and Evelyn play tennis in the afternoon.

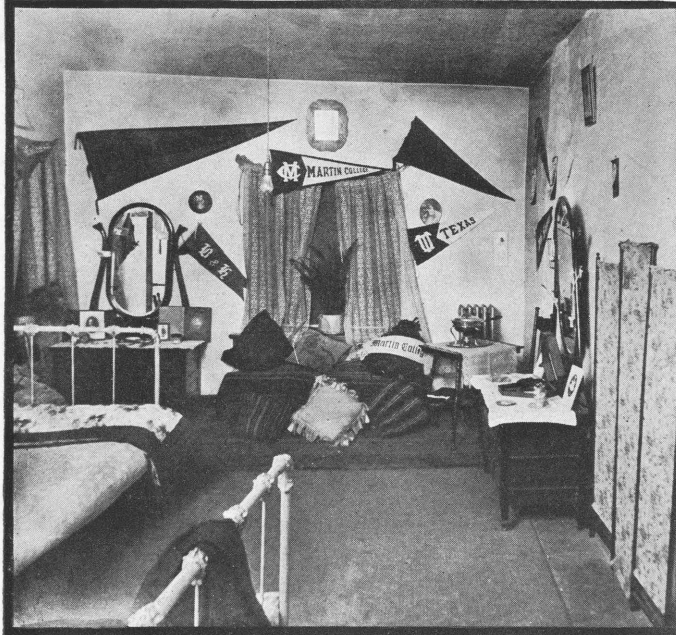
How Mr. Wynn became so perfect (in his own eyes).

What will make Anita Nunn talk?

"The longest way round is the sweetest way home."

Which way did Mary March and Grace McConnell go to get the Sunday papers on Saturday night after the Senior reception?

Why the Martin girls have so few dates? Is the supply small or green or does the trouble come from the "Master's of the vineyards?"



Student's Room



Corner of Parlor



## How the Matchmaker was Matched

---

"Irma, have you seen our neighbor, the new doctor, yet?" Ellen Towner asked her dearest friend, Irma Southall.

"No, dear, I have not," she answered, "and I would not even know he was in town if I hadn't seen the sign, 'Dr. Eliot Lawrence,' on the new bungalow next door. Tell me about him."

So Ellen enthusiastically began: "Well, most people say he is by no means strikingly handsome, but he has the most adorable brown eyes (you know you always said you were partial to brown eyes), and his are so kind and sympathetic. Then he is very tall and dignified; and, my dear, his voice is beautiful—very low and deep. To sum him up in a few words, he is your ideal man."

"If he is so perfect as that," replied Irma, very much interested, "I do want to meet him, and see if by any lucky chance, I am his ideal also."

"Oh, he knows about you already," Ellen said. "He was over to see father, and I took that opportunity of telling him everything. As he has a great deal of business with father, he will be at our house quite a lot; and I am not going to let a single chance slip by when I can say a good word for you."

While Ellen enthusiastically related her wonderful plans to make her chum housekeeper at "Honeymoon Cottage" (as Dr. Lawrence's new house was called),

Irma smiled very knowingly. The point that gave Ellen most anxiety was how to arrange the first meeting, for she simply could not bear for her new hero and heroine to be introduced like common everyday folk. In fact she did not invite Irma to her home for a long time, so great was her fear that Dr. Lawrence might see her first, when "her brunette beauty was not enhanced by the mellow rays of silvery noon."

During this interval Dr. Lawrence proved to be very prompt for his business engagements with Mr. Towner. Indeed, he came over almost every night, and never was in such a hurry that he could not listen to Ellen tell of her friend's beauty and charm for an hour or so.

Two months after Irma had first heard of Dr. Lawrence, the two girls met at a party. Ellen was still talking about the doctor, but never a word about introducing him to Irma.

"By the way, Ellen," she said at last, "why have you not let me meet him?"

"Well, dearest," Ellen answered after a long pause, "I was afraid that after all our plan for you to be Mrs. Elliot Lawrence was not practical. You know we might quarrel if we lived so near each other. Besides, Dr. Lawrence says I am the only girl who could make Honeymoon Cottage a real home for him."

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY.



## Echoes Heard from the Phone

Fo-o-Fo-A, please, central.  
No, they haven't answered. Ring 'em again.  
Hello! Is that you mama? How's all?  
I'm not much. We had an examination in Bible and I don't seem to be able to recover from it. How many boarders have you? . . . Well, I must stop; it's Friday, and I promised to go to town with Mamie Gatlin——

Central, please give me 484 -. -. -. Will you please call Duff Gilliam to the phone?

That you, Duff? When did you hear from papa?——. Did he send you any money? Well, I just need 10 cents, so please bring it down; I want to go to the picture show——

(After a most emphatic ringing.)

Central, I want 404-R.— Is that you? Where's papa? Call him to the phone. That you, daddy? Why did it take you so long to answer? I've been trying for an hour——. Did the wagon come in today? Did you send my suitcase? Next time the wagon

comes to town send me some of that red stick candy and some soda crackers——

4. That you, mammy? Reckon when you're coming after me?—— She's right poorly.—— Some other girls want the phone. Goodbye.——

304-Y, please, central. That you, mama? Seems like you never stay near the phone. I heard all the barns and trees and the house were blown down in the storm.—— Well, I'm glad it was only the dead oak and the old henhouse. I had an awful pain in my heart, but it isn't so bad now. We're going to give the boys a party tonight. Mrs. C. says the time's up. Goodbye.

(After the ringing of the phone.)

Hello! —— Hello- H-e-l-l-o- Hello!

Yes, this is Mr. Wynn.—— No, the time for the girls to use the phone is past. Will you leave your number? No? Well, goodbye.

## A Shakespearian Romance

Who were the lovers? Romeo and Juliet.

What was their courtship like? Midsummer Nights Dream.

What was the proposal? As You Like It.

What time of the month were they married? Twelfth Night.

Who were the best man and maid of honor? Antony and Cleopatra.

Who were the ushers? Two Gentlemen of Verona.

From whom did they buy the ring? Merchant of Venice.

Who gave the reception? Merry Wives of Windsor.

In what place did they live? Hamlet.

What was her disposition like? Tempest.

What caused the first quarrel? Much Ado About Nothing.

What was his occupation after marrying? Taming the Shrew.

What did their marriage prove to be? Love's Labor Lost.

What ruler brought reconciliation? Julius Caesar.

What did their married life resemble? A Comedy of Errors.

What did they give each other? Measure for Measure.

What did their friends say? All's Well that Ends Well.

## xxxix Chapter ix. Book of Caesar

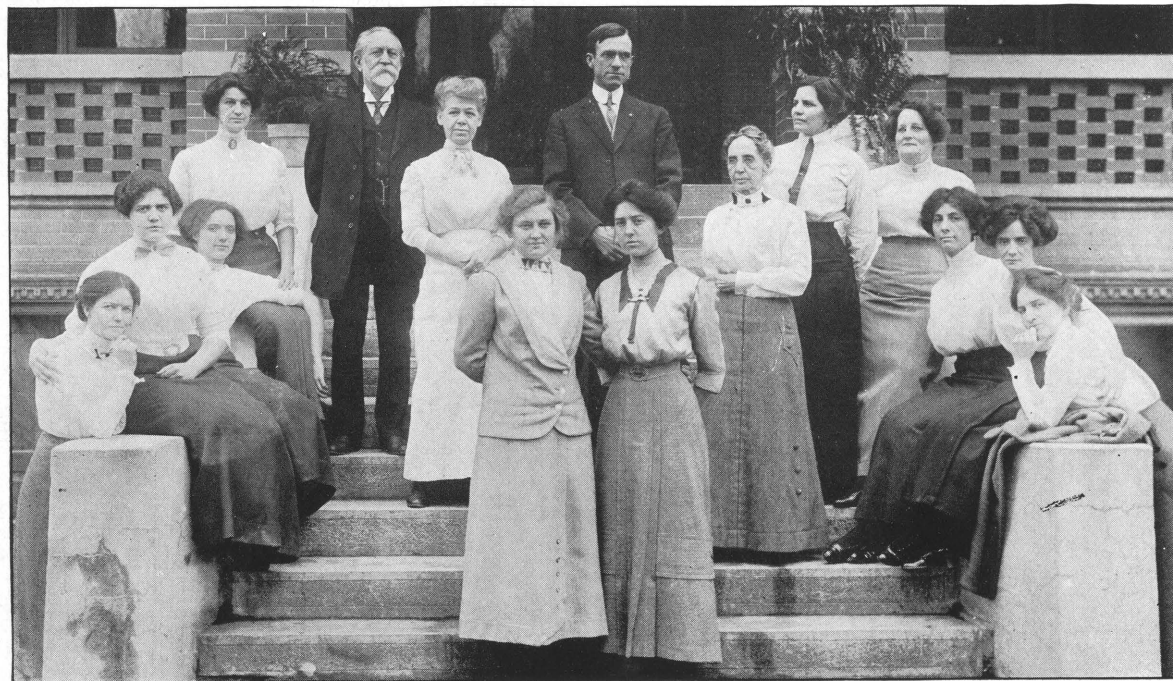
All Caesar classes are divided into three parts, one which is occupied by the Drones, the second by the Think-they-know-it-all, and the third by the Brilliant. These only are visited by headmarks on account of the others reporting that they see that which they do not see. Of all these, the Brilliant are the bravest and most cultured.

Our legions were gathered together on September 18, and on the day after this day begun a fierce battle to be waged for 260 days and nights. Each day we are thoroughly terrified and flee from the battleground and return to the camps of ours, but after each retreat we return to renew the brave attack. If it were not for our love for our commander the battle would be immediately lost.

Our legion is very brave, and as the battle has been waged and won so many time we are sure we will win and will have routed the enemy by the first of June.

*Here's to the 1913 Caesar Class.*

G. V.





## Ridiculous Characteristics of the Faculty

---

If I had time and my wits were keen,  
I might describe the learn-ed thirteen.  
Now I have a private opinion, you bet,  
But to write it would take the whole alphabet.  
To tell you of Miss Shook I'll use a few B's.  
She is big, beautiful and hard to please;  
She doesn't like a thorn, she doesn't like a burr;  
But she does like the boys and the boys like her.  
Were you to hear her buzzing in her new evening dress  
You'd call her a big, beautiful, bumblebee, I guess.  
To picture Miss Mason I must use the S's.  
She's sly and slim with her dark brown tresses;  
She is sane and never seems serious over a man.  
She shows that to live well without them she can.  
But you never can read this woman's will,  
For she makes frequent trips up to Nashville.  
Then there's Miss Wilson, whom we all tease,  
Because when dreaming of the future she's well at ease.  
But to know her is to love her amid all the strife,  
If you know her you will love her all your life.  
It takes the H's to tell of Miss Holmes.  
She's haughty and wears fancy back combs.  
She's high, but not heavy, though very dear,  
And happy are we all when she is near.  
When describing Mrs. Cannon we use A's.  
For at night she's awake and never stays  
In bed when there's noise on the dormitory floor;  
But walks quietly across and taps on the door.

Anyway, we couldn't do without the smile  
Which she gives us once in a while.  
Little Miss DeWald, she is a trick;  
The friends she makes are sure to stick.  
Just one characteristic of Miss Dasher;  
She's a noted singer and a famous heart smasher.  
There's Miss Bouldin, who's sometime prissy;  
But she's not to blame for her "Jim's" very sissy.  
But this all vanishes when you learn her;  
Everybody loves her—even Mr. Turner.  
Mrs. Harwell always plays with pleasing expression,  
But on you she leaves an impression.  
The independent member of the Faculty is Miss Sallie.  
With Mr. Wynn she doesn't like to dilly-dally.  
When speaking of Miss Wilkes we need U's.  
She's the most unselfish, stands six feet in her shoes.  
She's unusually kind hearted, you bet your life!  
She'll make some man an excellent wife.  
Prof. Grasse, he's the man who dislikes the rags in ragtime;  
And if his pupils play them it's an awful bad crime.  
Last but not least is the famous Professor Wynn.  
He's been to Alaska where the people all sin.  
But miraculous to say he escaped perfect when  
He came to Pulaski to keep away Jim.  
Now he's an angel ruling with the famous thirteen,  
Who are the bestest angels the world's ever seen.

MAMIE MADRAY.

## Splendid Banquet Served by Girls at Martin College

---

In response to invitations sent out by the committee, more than two hundred men and women, representing many of the highest class citizens of Pulaski and Giles County, met at Martin College Monday evening to enjoy the banquet spread for the occasion.

As the guests arrived they were met by a reception committee and ushered into the College parlors, where introductions followed, and those arriving early engaged in social conversation as others came in.

Promptly on time the doors were thrown open to the College Chapel, which had been arranged for the banquet hall. Desks had been removed and tables arranged. A Roman cross on the stage, at which were seated those who were to respond to toasts, members of the Board of Trust and other guests enough to fill this table; and extending the full length of the chapel, with just room enough to move about, other tables were set. The College colors—White and Red—were blended in handsome decorations. White tapers shaded with red, burned on the various tables. White and red flowers were used effectively, while long festoons were draped about the chapel, and these were bright with College pennants. No detail had been omitted which could add to the comfort and convenience of seating and serving such a large company. Tasty place cards, in hand-painted red banners on each of which was a white M, indicated the seats previously assigned to guests, who were met at the entrance by schoolgirls who wore natty white suits and jaunty little white caps, and conducted each guest to his place. An elegant five-course dinner was served. Mrs. Wynn and the

girls who planned, prepared and served the dinner, demonstrated what the ladies can do when they try.

During the service a musical program was rendered.

After dinner, Rev. T. C. Ragsdale, as toastmaster, with jokes and bits of repartee, kept the crowd in a thoroughly good humor as he presented the speakers of the evening. The first was Dr. W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, and President of Martin College Board of Trust. Next were Mrs. Giles Reynolds and Mrs. Gil T. May, representing the Alumnæ Association. Prof. F. M. Massey and Prof. William Hughes, both members of the Board of Trust, spoke for the school men, and Prof. Wynn gave a financial statement of the work of Martin College during his term as President of the school, while Hon. J. H. Ragsdale and Ben Childers, Mayor and City Attorney respectively, spoke for Pulaski, and H. F. Wheeler, president, represented the Pulaski Business Men's Association. A. B. Ransom, of Nashville, while not on the regular toast list, was called upon and told how they raised the money in Nashville for the new Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. buildings.

Altogether the banquet was a delightful occasion, and as it was intended to prepare the way for launching a campaign to raise ten thousand dollars to be used in connection with twenty thousand to be raised elsewhere in the conference to provide necessary extensions to the building, it is to be hoped that results will prove that the banquet was as complete a success in a business way as it was socially.



## Only a Brother-in-Law

Vance stepped from the elevator, smiled a good-morning to the telephone girl behind the desk, and went down the long flight of steps that lead to Central Avenue.

"My, but this sun does feel good; too good to ride." So he walked briskly down the street, speaking or smiling occasionally to those whom he met.

Presently, just in front of him, he saw a trim little figure in a blue serge suit and a small hat. The girl was very stylish and attractive, and the hat especially caught his eye, because it was so becoming. He walked just a little faster, thinking he might overtake her and get one glimpse of what appeared to be a very beautiful face. Vance was only a short distance from her, when there was a sudden darkening of the clouds and an April shower came down.

She had no umbrella, so she ran for the car that had just stopped. Vance did likewise and sat down in the seat just opposite her.

"Fares, please!" called the conductor.

As she opened her small silver bag a startled look crossed her face.

"I shall have to ask you to stop the car; I have neither money nor tickets with me," she said.

It was Vance's chance. He gave the conductor two tickets instead of one.

"Oh! thank you, sir; I shall never forget this."

She got off at the next stopping place and Vance followed.

"May I walk with you?" he asked.

"In return for the ticket?"

"By no means."

"Yes, but if you are going with me I would like to know your name."

"I am Robert Vance, an old bachelor. I work in a wholesale drygoods house, and my bad habits are too many to mention."

"I see you are trying to make me think you are bad. My name is Elizabeth Goodlowe."

"Miss Goodlowe?"

"Mrs. Goodlowe, if you please."

"Then you are married?"

"I did not say I was not, but here comes Mr. Goodlowe now. Let me introduce you to Mr. Goodlowe, Mr. Vance."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Vance; but Elizabeth, I can't be home to dinner today. I have to go away on some important business and you may look for me when you see me coming."

"And that is your husband, and you are married?"

"I most assuredly am—didn't you just meet Mr. Goodlowe? We would like to have you dine with us this evening."

"Thank you, I would be delighted to, but there is one thing I would like to know: Are you married?"

"Don't you like Mr. Goodlowe? We dine at eight and I shall expect you at that time?"

Standing at the foot of the steps that led to her home, Vance again asked, "Are you married?"

"Goodby, Mr. Vance, I must go." And she fled up the steps. At the top she turned around smiling and said, "Mr. Goodlowe is my brother-in-law. I am not married. I shall expect to see you at eight o'clock to-night."

"Then you are free?"

"Yes," she said, and was gone.

MAGGIE MAUDE COX.



## A Junior

---

If to chapel she's never on time,  
And to class she's always behind,  
If she kicks and frets,  
Over the lessons she never gets,  
She's a Junior.

If she roams around all night,  
Then brags that she's done right,  
If she trips the light fantastic toe,  
Before an audience on the third floor,  
She's a Junior.

If she thinks she's teacher's (?) pet,  
Thinks her equal she's never met,  
If she thinks she's above grits and hash,  
And on every "Jim" she's made a mash,  
She's a Junior.

If about her privileges she brags,  
And after a Senior she always tags,  
If she looks around  
Like her knowledge knows no bound,  
She's a Junior.

If she thinks she runs the school,  
Thinks she can violate every rule,  
When in truth she's just a ——  
O well, you know,  
She's a Junior.

LESSIE GREY TACKER, '13.

## Our Dear Old College

---

Let us greet our dear old College  
With a hearty cheer,  
For our hearts are ever loyal  
To Alma Mater, dear.

### CHORUS.

We're the students of Old Martin,  
College old and dear;  
With our faces all set onward,  
Voices ringing clear.

Broad the fields about her lying,  
Soft and blue the sky;  
Sing, Ah! sing, aloud her praises,  
Raise the flag on high.

### CHORUS

For our bond can ne'er be broken,  
Sealed by friendship's tie;  
Our true hearts will ever cherish  
Memories gone by.

## From the Class of 1910

---

Full three years have passed and gone  
Since in your halls we joined in song;  
Joined in work, joined in play,  
Joined in making our college life gay.

Five of us there were; you may think it a small class.  
In quantity, yes, but in quality none could surpass.  
If you'll just think a moment of the Class of 1910,  
You'll agree with us perfectly that it's equal has ne'er  
been.

We were fond of you, Old Martin, faithful, loyal  
and true;  
And there's a warm spark in each of our hearts still  
glowing for you.  
It's true our school days are o'er; not forgotten, how-  
ever, but gone.  
So be it, we'll rejoice in your success and bid you God-  
speed. Sail on.

SALLIE WILL CLARK.



## Events which Broke the Monotony

September 18.—The Young Women's Christian Association entertains, and all the old girls give the new ones the usual Martin College welcome.

October 31.—Hallowe'en celebration! Supper was enlivened by weird ghosts. Immediately thereafter a tacky party held sway. We are glad to note that several of the girls looked quite natural in spite of the fact that they tried to carry out the burlesque idea; chief among whom were: Leah Parker, Maggie Gray, Mamie Madray and others. Apples and a candy pulling in the dining room afforded much enjoyment.

November 2.—The Seniors "take off" the Faculty. As soon as Mamie Madray steps upon the chapel floor, impersonating Mrs. Wynn, she is accorded the title of "star player," while Lessie Grey, with her indomitable *will*, leads her a close second. In spite of the fact that the insignificant sum of 10 cents admission was charged, we raised \$25, which was used for the decoration of the front hall.

November 29.—The night after Thanksgiving will ever be remembered by a certain crowd of girls, who, armed with their boxes from home, about 9 o'clock went down to the basement. There a sumptuous feast they spread in Miss Mason's classroom. Retracing their steps they were soon dreaming of what was to take place at midnight. At the set time the alarm tinkled and the girls stealthily made their way down halls and creaky stairways to the scene of action. . . . Now, in the meantime, Fritz, the College dog, and maybe a stray cat or two as his guests, had scented the game and duly devoured it. As the revellers entered the room his cheery little yelp greeted them. During much deploring the remains were done away with and they returned rather sheepishly to their naps, interrupted in vain, hoping that the fate of that feast would

never be found out. But they reckoned without Toto.

December 19.—We disperse for the Holidays, the best days of the year, and December 28 again resume hum-drum school life.

January 21.—Miss Mary Mildred Wynn makes her first vocal effort.

February 18.—Mr. Appleton saunters up to make a few pictures on the campus.

February 25.—The girls smell smoke; it can't be located; confusion reigns, and we might have ended up with a first-class fire had not Mr. Wynn and his trained fire corps—the Juniors—averted this. About two weeks later Lewis burns out the chimney, and the fire alarm is just in the act of ringing, when the President, flustered and trembling, discovers the cause of the smoke.

Receptions and Recitals now and then have broken into the monotonous program of nightly study hall.

April 1.—"April fool."

No school, the student body goes to Pond Hill on a picnic. The long, sunny walk, kodaking, and delightful lunch were features of the day. Blistered arms, necks and heels of the day after.

April 3.—Fifteen girls lose faith in midnight feasts. The loss of social privileges aided them in reaching this conclusion. For this escapade, student self-government was forced to haul down its flag.

April 7.—The Faculty of Martin College is indebted to Mr. Glover McGee, of Rome, Ga., for a very interesting letter containing information as to Mr. Wynn's conversation with a suffragette while in Washington. Owing to their loyalty to the President the matter still remains a secret.

April 15.—Mr. Appleton submits proofs.

April 18.—Several girls join the milk-maids' union.







Go, little booklet, go;  
Win for Martin fame,  
'Till everywhere that you have went  
They're glad that you have came.

# ADVERTISEMENTS





## Advertisements

The other day, while walking down town, I met a neatly clad crowd of happy schoolgirls. They were daintily dressed in neat serge suits, and upon careful inquiry I found that Nuxol, of Louisville, was their tailor. The uniform hat, a neat white hemp, came from the local firm of W. B. Long & Sons. My attention was then attracted to their neatly shod feet. Their hose, they informed me, came from Sol Cohn's, and their neat pumps from Winstead's Shoe House. One girl laughingly said: "If every repairer could serve me like Ralston, my shoes would last an age." They stopped in at the firm of Hindman, Oliver & Braly to have some pictures framed.

"Who does your kodak work?" they were asked.

"Oh, we get our films from Elledge & Young, and Dury & Co., of Nashville, do our finishing work."

Next they stopped in at Murray & Bennetts. "What would we do," exclaimed an attractive blond, "if Mr. Murray did not keep us in gold pins, and how would we know the time of day if he didn't repair our watches?"

One girl, who was worn a bit, exclaimed, "If only 'Jim' had one of those runabouts from the Robinson-McGill Buggy Co. to take me around in!"

As they stepped into Rose's, one girl was asked where she got her money from. "Thank fortune,"

she said, "Dad sent it by 'Postal Telegraph' at noon, otherwise I would be at school now thinking about the pineapple-cherry-maple-nut sundae that only Loyd can fix for me and which I am headed for right now."

While eating their cream I was amused at bits of conversation which drifted out to me.

"Maggie, where do you get all the news?"

"Why, from the Giles County Record," she exclaimed.

"Girls, what makes Mary and Ruth have double chins?"

"Grits, grits, grits, from the Pulaski Grain & Milling Co., and steak from Curtis' Meat Market, not to omit those good scrambled eggs we have been having from the Pulaski Produce Co."

One girl they called Olivene rushed to the door, exclaiming, "Oh, girls, 'he' has new tires from Ragsdale Realty Co.'s and now I will have me a good ride."

One dignified looking girl, called Elsie, said, "Olivene, I could stand your frisky ways if only I could convert Mr. Wynn to the belief that the Coca-Cola Bottling Works make the best and most stimulating drinks in existence."

As they started down the street again their chaperon asked, "Where shall we go now, girls?" She was greeted by a chorus of voices, among which I distinguished: "The Racket Store, for some Ragtime!"

"Reeves & Alexander for stationery!" Another girl broke in, "Oh, yes, that reminds me; I was to order the class flowers from Carl Reeves!"

"Oh, girls, I must stop in at Wheeler & Reynolds. They have the swellest walking boots; they're simply darling!"

A girl they called Emma slowly, but emphatically, exclaimed, "I have got to have some postcards and ribbon from Johnson & Edmundson's!"

As they came back up the street one and all exclaimed at a beautiful floral display of the Joy Floral Co. in Elledge & Young's window. Next they stopped in at the Union Bank & Trust Co. I could not follow them in, but judging from the bright, pleased expression on their faces when they came out, I am sure a cordial welcome must have awaited them inside. As they strolled up First Main I wondered whither they were bound. Soon they went into a well-kept looking grocery house, over the door of which I noticed in black and gold, "Harwell & Burch." They tarried quite a while, and I had almost despaired of their return, when out they filed, with numerous packages, and each girl with a large, red apple, the gift of an appreciative management.

"Oh, girls," exclaimed one black-haired, black-eyed girl, "I promised to get mother an aluminum percolator from the Martin Hardware Co., and this is my last opportunity!"

Back they trooped, and returning up the west side of the Square, they passed a neat looking wholesale grocery house—Harwood, Yancey & Rhea.

"Girls, this is where the retail merchants get their supply of Vanilla wafers without which Martin College could not exist."

They next stopped at a large haberdasher's establishment on whose windows I read Lester & Gilbert. One girl gave her order for a spring skirt, and chatting gaily the crowd moved on. They stopped in at the Citizens National Bank for drafts, check cashing, etc. From their reluctant departure I realized that the Citizens Bank could and did show as courteous treatment as the Union.

Bennett, May & Co. next received a call from the girls, as two or three declared they couldn't live longer without rocking chairs.

At the urgent request of a girl called Cleve, The National Peoples Bank was visited, because she argued: "If Cousin Will does so much banking here it must be all right."

While in at Short & Stone's, where several girls were buying materials for evening frocks, they put the store phone to use by calling up the Drs. Woodward and Roberts, the dentists, and making their engagements for the next day.

They visited last, but not least, the Modern Grocery, where fruits, candies and other toothsome dainties, were purchased.



As they returned home I noticed many manly-looking boys in the neighborhood of the College. After inquiry I found they were the Massey boys. As the girls reached the campus someone ran excitedly down the walk exclaiming, "Oh, girls, Stephen Lane Fulger has sent our class pins and they are perfectly swell!"

Tired, but happy, they dropped down on the benches made of superior lumber from the Patterson & Pittman Lumber Companies. Mr. John Long had, in the absence of the girls, sent up a stalk of bananas which greatly added to their pleasure and showed Mr. Long in his true light, that of the College friend. The campus walk presented a busy aspect. Two parties were just entering with pressed suits from the shops of W. L. Pullen and John Abernathy. A neat white wagon had just reached the gate and numerous packages were being taken out. I read on the wagon "The Pulaski Steam Laundry." Standing at the side gate, I saw a comfortable looking surrey belonging to the President of Martin College. The driver informed me it was purchased of Stone, Porter & White. Several girls

were interestedly reading a book, which they told me had just been sent them from the Methodist Publishing House.

Just at this juncture the clock struck six and the supper bell rang. I was an invited guest. The splendid Saratoga chips were made of potatoes from Cohen's Cash Grocery. The sardines, with mustard dressing, and apricots, which completed the menu, were bought from a firm in far away Chicago, a firm for which the girls had much praise—Steele, Wedeles & Co.

The girls were called from their supper by the bell of the bus, waiting to convey the five day boarders home. Mr. Stacy, in his genial and pleasant way, took them to the station. The most excitement seemed to prevail when a happy group of six girls went out to be the week-end guests of the Misses Holt, daughters of B. E. Holt, of Holt Bros. Mercantile Co., of Good Spring. The girls excused themselves just after supper, as early the next morning they planned to make a visit through the Pulaski Gin, directed by the proprietor, Mr. Hicks.



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We believe that, should you send us your daughter,  
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We believe—last, but not least—that the more you  
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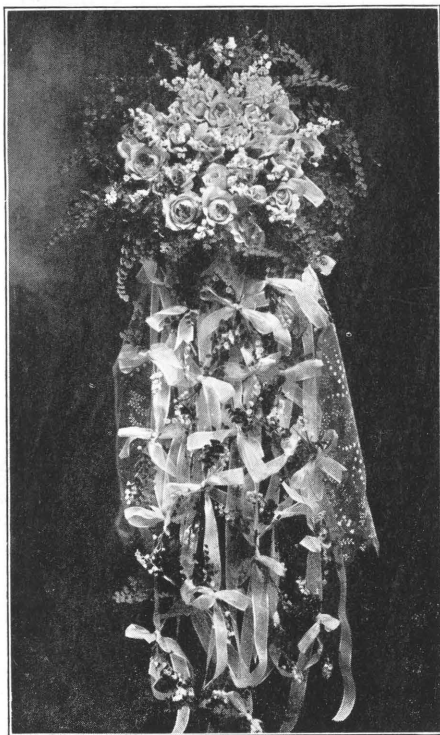
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